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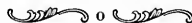
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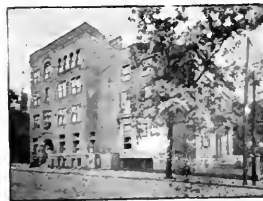
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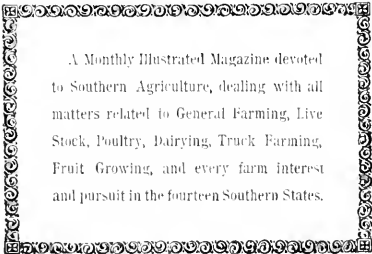

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Epilogue.

OW Time takes wings unto himself and flies—we know not whither! Swifter than the flight of a homing-bird is the passage of each day's experiences. Ever dissolving into each other they forever blend or succeed each other in joy or woe like the shifting hues of a summer sky. Every year sees a swifter flight and a speedier vanishing. As the light-hearted child vainly strives with eager, outstretched arms to catch the golden sunbeams ever eluding his grasp, so do we just as vainly strive to detain Time in his flight.

Now, the school year is gone with its hard study; gone, with its pleasant hours of recreation; gone, with its petty worries; gone, with its occasional testing times of real trial and trouble. And yet, there is one thing left of which even Time himself cannot rob us, memory. The past, as Wordsworth says, has

"Deposited upon the silent shore
Of Memory images and precious thoughts
That shall not die and cannot be destroyed."

How kind is Mother Nature, in that she makes our pleasant memories the most lasting, smoothing away those of past worries till they are as if they had never been, save, perhaps, that we are the stronger for their discipline. On the other hand, she leaves to us the fruits of all our labor and the accompanying happiness of strong, and at least partially successful effort.

So it is mainly with satisfaction and pleasure that we thoughtfully turn the pages of this volume, which carry us back

over the past school-year. What busy, happy days they were; so busy, that we did not realize how Time was flying! Ever does this thought recur to us, and with it the melancholy realization that what is past can never more return. Even when we are happiest, this thought of the transiency of pleasure casts a shadow over us.

Now, as for our achievements, in what light should we regard them? A story is told of Ole Bull, the great violinist, that, in answer to the high eulogy of a friend, he replied, "The years of toil which I have spent for my art serve to show me but the more clearly that I know nothing." If a genius could make this statement, should we be willing to rest content with our present attainments? May we never consider our task as accomplished!

It is, then, with mingled gladness and sorrow that we contemplate our work which is finished, but not complete, as we bid farewell to this school-year, with its efforts, its failures, its successes.

We want this volume to rest on the book-shelf of every Mary Baldwin girl, as a veritable souvenir, bringing to remembrance the "mingled yarn, good and ill together," of school days.

Now, as we tenderly turn the last leaf of this book, though it be with a sigh that what is past can never more return, let that sigh be succeeded by a smile at the happy memories of the term of '98 and '99.

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latter.

How long has he been here? Judging from his conduct, one would be sure that he had founded the Seminary, but, like some girls, he never tells his age, so, how are we to know?

In addition to his conventional suit of gray, on state occasions his person is adorned with a medal presented to "His Honor" for superiority in general and his ability in frightening both teachers and taught, in particular.

He might be termed "Le Sergent de Ville," for he chases stray cats at nightfall, alarming the students more than would a whole battalion of feline strangers. To show that he possesses *carte blanche*, the following story is told: At one time a pitcher of water was overturned on a couch. The occupant of the room was about to be severely reprimanded for carelessness, when some one came to the rescue, and said, "B. W. did it." Needless to say the deed was alluded to no more, after the teacher had assured the girl that the offense was not so flagrant, after all.

We owe Miss Miller a debt of gratitude for her donation of Monsieur Baldwin Wayt, to the Seminary. His first mission was to amuse the girls, who were sick in the Infirmary. The Intendant became very much attached to him, and when she went away she longed for B. W. to accompany her, but neither physical nor moral suasion could persuade him to view a new home with approval, so he still remains a devoted attaché of the Seminary.

During his youth, music was his favorite study and pastime. For many years he was connected with the Thomas Orchestra, but, owing to his obesity and growing years, he has been obliged to indulge in milder forms of amusement than were once his wont.

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Mr. M. Erskine Miller. The following year he became an attendant at the Western State Hospital, being afterwards transferred to the steam department as fireman and steam-fitter.

Then the Wesleyan Female Institute secured his services as engineer and plumber. He held this position for four years, when he left Staunton and remained two years at Rockbridge Alum Springs.

But, again, the mighty cause of Education was calling him, and to its urgent appeal he nobly responded. Returning to Staunton, he became an employe of the Mary Baldwin Seminary, where he has since discharged the duties of night watchman, having the care of the steam and heating apparatus of the institution during the night watches.

Mr. Smyth's versatile talents have proved a great blessing to this institution; for he has served in the various capacities of engineer, steam fitter, painter, superintendent of the grounds, boy-terrorer, etc.

Soon after being taken into Miss Baldwin's employ, he returned to Ireland on a visit to his mother. While in the "Old Country," he married, and on his return to America brought his wife with him.

John Smyth seems to have found his life-work. Though paths of fame are open to him in other directions, he has magnanimously resigned them all and will devote his time and talents to the Seminary.

In the spring of '98, when the shrill scream of the American Eagle was heard over all the land, summoning her sons to war—John Smyth burned to go to the aid of his adopted country.

His patriotism, his valor, his ambition were aroused—but then, he bethought him of the chaos he would leave behind.

Who would care for the beloved palms in the "warm-house?"

Who would apprehend the stray V. M. I. boy that strolled by the Sem. and gazed at the windows?

Who would fire blank-cartridges at the love-sick serenader, as he harmlessly warbled his amorous ditties to the *sleeping* maidens within?

John Smyth asked himself these questions. He trembled for the good of the Seminary, and, although the struggle was a hard one, gave up his ambition and remained with us.

A little anecdote, which we have heard related of him, will serve to show his enthusiasm on the war question.

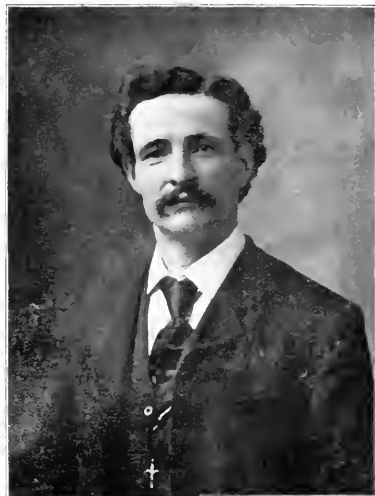
A troop of soldiers were passing through Staunton. To the multitude of people at the depot, suddenly appeared the apparition of John Smyth, approaching in mad haste. He had no hat; the breeze was tossing his hair and flapping his coat-tails. There was a gash under his eye. Some one asked him what was the matter.

"Faith, I heard the soldiers were coomin', an' I didn't see the fince, an' here it is," answered Mr. Smyth, pointing to the gash.

We rejoice to say, however, that despite its many allurements, the war did not entice him away, and we may still hear the familiar voice calling, "Young loidies, plase close yer blinds!"

KATE JONES.

Short Sketch of Mr. John Smyth, Commandant of the Corps of Night Watchman, with Rank of Brigadier General, Chief Superintendent of the Steam Heating Department, Head Horticulturist, etc., etc., of the Mary Baldwin Seminary.



IN attempting to treat a subject of so vast importance in the brief space allowed us, we wish to inform our readers that we can only place before them a very superficial account of the life of this famous personage. For a more thorough study and philosophical consideration of his works and adventures, we refer them to Hon. Blaney O'Shaudy's "Irish Heroes," Wilton Waggleway's "Men of the Day," Andy McDooley's "Interesting Reminiscences of Distinguished Individuals," also several recent articles in the leading magazines and periodicals of the time.

The land of Mr. Smyth's nativity is clearly revealed by the sweet, musical modulation of his voice and its pleasing intonations, peculiar to the inhabitants of the "Emerald Isle." He was born near Granard, County Longford, Ireland, in the year 1865. He passed the days of boyhood and youth upon the paternal estate, engaged in the pursuit of agriculture.

His young mind was strongly impressed by soul-stirring legends of Bogies and Spooks, in which the county abounded. These legends worked upon his restless, adventurous spirit. They made him yearn to leave the protection of his father's roof and seek his fortune in foreign lands.

At the age of twenty-three, following the example of another illustrious wearer of the same title—Captain John Smyth, of Pocahontas fame—he embarked for America. After a stormy voyage, fraught with many perils, John Smyth at last bade Uncle Sam good-morning and landed in New York.

A well known building contractor succeeded in securing his services. In a short while, however, Mr. Smyth tired of this employment, and found more congenial work in a rope-walk. When this occupation became, in turn, monotonous, he applied for a position to the General Superintendent of the gigantic steamship line plying between New York and New Haven. He was immediately engaged as a deck hand.

But some great force, some irresistible magnetism, was drawing John Smyth southward. He came to Staunton and entered the service of the late

The Book Party.



IN lieu of its usual musical and literary program, the Mary Baldwin Literary Society, on the evening of February twelfth, held a book party in the Gymnasium, to which all the members of the faculty were invited. These guests were entertained by the Reception Committee until time for the grand march. In the meantime, the other members of the Society, dressed in costume to represent some book or notable character in the same, assembled in a room across the hall. When all was ready, at a given signal, they marched

into the Gymnasium to the inspiring strains of a march played by one of the young ladies. The line was led by two young ladies, draped in red, white and blue, holding, crossed above them, two United States flags, to represent, "Under Two Flags." After marching around the Gymnasium a number of times, to give the faculty a chance to guess what books or characters were represented refreshments were served, a feature of the evening especially enjoyed by every one. An informal dance followed, and altogether the evening was a most pleasant one. Some of the books and characters represented were as follows:

"Night and Morning" was especially striking. "Night" was attired in a gown of black, covered with silver stars, and wore a silver crown on her head; while "Morning," robed in pink, bearing a golden crown on her head, truly resembled the blush of dawn.

"The Princess" was well represented by one of the young ladies, handsomely gowned, with hair braided and a crown of pearls resting upon her head.

"Maude Muller" appeared in gingham dress, with the sleeves rolled up, a large handkerchief around her neck and a sun-bonnet

on her arm. She carried a rake with a lonely twig of grass in it. "Sairey Gamp," the nurse, wore an old-time dress and a large sun-bonnet and carried an old broken umbrella together with a great many bottles.

"In Darkest Africa" was cleverly represented by one of the young ladies, who had so effectually smutted herself that it was hard to tell whether she was really a native of Africa or a student at the Mary Baldwin Seminary.

"A Lady of Quality" was attired in handsome pink silk and was further adorned with appropriate ornaments.

The role of "Helen's Babies" was taken by two of the younger girls, dressed in long white garments, wearing dainty white bonnets on their heads.

"Wee Wifie" was attired in full bridal costume.

"Looking Backwards" was most ludicrous. She wore a dress fastened up the back, a collar on backwards, her hair over her face, a mask on the back of her head, and a hat on backwards also. She met with much applause.

"Miss America" wore a costume of red, white and blue.

"Quo Vadis" was represented by one of the young ladies, dressed in full travelling suit, with a large interrogation point on the front of her frock. She carried a large valise.

Many other interesting books and characters were also represented, but it would take too much time and space to mention each one in detail.

After a more or less exhaustive strain on our gray matter, in trying to determine what book or character each member present represented, we were inclined to answer the question, "What's in a name," by saying that the knowledge of even the titles of our great books up to date would be a possession of which any one might be most proud.

ROSA F. WATKINS.

Stonewall Brigade Band Concert.



THE tenth of last February the teachers and students of the Mary Baldwin Seminary spent a most enjoyable evening in the chapel, where they were the guests of the noted Stonewall Brigade Band. Under the direction of their efficient leader, Mr. J. M. Brereton, those well trained and talented musicians rendered the following program with such skill and verve that the feelings of their enthusiastic audience were swayed in turn by martial, merry and patriotic impulses or melted into the quiet and repose of a meditative mood:

1. March—"Bride-Elect" Sousa
2. Waltzes—"Nordica" Touger
3. Overture—"Pique Dame" Suppe
4. Songs—
 a "The Sweetest Story Ever Told" Stult
 b "A Dream" Bartlett
5. Fantasia—"A Hunting Scene" Bucalossi
6. *a* "At a Georgia Camp-Meeting" Mills
 b "Stars and Stripes Forever" Sousa
7. Selection—"The Princess Bonnie" Spence
8. Medley—"Plantation Melodies" Conterno

While the "Bride Elect" and "Nordica" waltzes were being

played, many feet were keeping time to the music, and some heads were moving unconsciously in accord with the baton, as the thoughts of many were transferred to scenes where they had enjoyed a good two-step or a dreamy, delicious waltz!

"The Sweetest Story Ever Told" was played very effectively, producing such varied impressions upon the feelings of those present as would be difficult to describe or even enumerate here.

The "Hunting Scene" received most hearty applause, and a repetition of it was given. The acting during this performance was as good as the music, which made the scene very vivid to those who had enjoyed such sport.

The old favorites, "At a Georgia Camp-Meeting" and "Stars and Stripes Forever," were enthusiastically received, and the last two selections, "Princess Bonnie" and "Plantation Melodies," were exceptionally well performed and followed by a storm of applause.

After having entertained us so delightfully, the Band was ushered into the dining-hall, where its members were the guests of the Seminary at a substantial banquet.

We extend to the Stonewall Brigade Band our sincerest thanks and assure them that the evening of February tenth will always be remembered by us as one of the happiest and most pleasant of this school year.

RUFIE PAULINE WHITE.

"Oh, well ! I expected as much."

"Now, you know you didn't. You anticipated it more than any one else."

"Such is the irony of fate !"

"It will be a cold day when I get ready again."

Smartie—"Of course, it will necessarily have to be colder than it is, Toddy, dear."

Aftermath.

TWO DAYS LATER—ALL IN SLEIGHS.

"Isn't this lovely !"

"Stop eating that snow ! You know it will give you sore throat !"

"Could anything be more delightful ?"

Indeed and in truth, life is worth living. I wish it would never end. The realization far exceeded the anticipation.

Let's sing, "Jingle, bells," for a closing song

I must hurry in to put this in my memoir book.

Grand Finale.

THREE CHEERS FOR THE SLEIGH-RIDE.

MAY 31.—In looking over my memoir book, I am delighted to remember that, after all, the sleigh-ride was not, like Buffalo Bill, all a dream."

MARTHA BRUCE.



The Sleigh-Ride.

Scene I.



ANNOUNCEMENT IN THE DINING-ROOM

"School will be suspended at two o'clock
and the young ladies will go sleigh-
riding."

(Rapturous and deafening applause.)

"Oh, how lovely!"

"I wish it were two o'clock, this very

minute.

"I'm going to put on my hat and jacket immediately after
dinner."

Pooh, von greenie, any one could tell that you were from
Florida. You've got to put on all sorts of wraps. A jacket, in-
deed! I suppose you'd think that jacket was warm enough if
you went to Klondike."

At French table—"Mademoiselle, irez-vous?" Je suis bien
aise d'aller. Oui, c'est charmant."

"I'd rather go sleigh-riding than do most anything. At
home, that and skating are our principal sports."

At German table—"Ich liebe Schlittenfahren." Ach!
Himmel! der schone Schnee."



Scene II.

IN THE VARIOUS ROOMS.

"Won't you please lend me your cape?"

"Do you think I'll be warm enough? Let me see, I have on
two coats, this cape, my shawl and this muffler."

"I'm roasting. Where's that fascinator?"

"Don't think you can sneak those mittens. I had to go all
over school for them."

"Some of you act like you never saw snow before."



Scene III.

ESQUIMAUX VILLAGE ON THE FRONT VERANDA—EVERYBODY
LOOKING LIKE A SNOW-BALL.

"Won't those sleighs ever come? I'm tired waiting. Surely
it's long past two o'clock."

"Possess your soul in patience. Everything comes to him
who waits," you know."

"It certainly is cold; I forgot that extra cloak."

"You dummy, your old hot brick will get cold on this
veranda. Go, put it on the radiator."



Scene IV.

"Young ladies, the weather has moderated and 't will be
impossible to go. The usual routine of school duties will be
resumed."

(A decided fall in the temperature.)

Weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth.

Burmeister.



NE of the leading pianists of the day, and the one, perhaps, who most delights the American public by his vigorous and brilliant execution, is Richard Burmeister, of New York. His very appearance is striking. A tall and graceful figure, a well-poised head, a countenance upon whose clear-cut features are depicted manliness, energy and strength of character, all these combine to make the play-

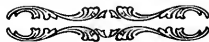
er a very handsome man, while his flexible wrists and long slender fingers suggest many pleasant possibilities of piano technique, which are happily realized in his playing. Mr. Burmeister has that sympathetic and poetic touch which carries sunshine and happiness into the hearts of all his hearers. If Liszt's trill was like the warble of a bird, Burmeister's is scarcely less so. With this delicacy is combined great power. The muscles of his wrists seem to be of steel when he strikes those mighty chords which are the glory of music. This great power, however, is never used for mere effect, as is shown by his perfect repose, even when playing the most difficult passages. There is no swaying of the

body, or rocking to and fro on the piano-stool, but instead, a prevailing calmness, both of body and countenance.

In those sad, sweet strains of Chopin's Funeral March, his beautiful pianissimo touch comes into play, while in the Hungarian Rhapsody his power and brilliancy of execution are noticeable. Burmeister's rendering of Chopin's Valse shows him to be a worthy interpreter of that great master, and he plays Beethoven's Sonata Apassionata, which is the Hamlet of pianoforte compositions, with all the pathos and dramatic power it demands.

Burmeister's reputation does not rest upon his great gifts as a pianist alone, for he is also a remarkable composer, as is manifest in such brilliant compositions as his Ballade in C sharp minor, his Elegy in D flat major, and his Capriccio in C major. Too much cannot be said, however, in praise of his playing, for he has all that finish, that perfection of style, and, above all, that touch, which constitute a great artist. Moreover, he inherits the musical methods of the grand old masters, Liszt and Rubinstein—those who, as some one has said, "though dead, yet speak to all future generations."

A. MERRILL PROCTOR.



universal applause, that he grinned with pleasure, displaying a set of dazzling white teeth, which would have made the fortune of a dentifrice advertiser, replying, "Ain't it nice?". On being asked to sing, he gave us "Jesus Lover of My Soul," and then, not waiting for applause, repeated again with naive self-approval, "Ain't it nice?"

On the following night, the Literary Society sent down a reporter, armed with a large pad and writing materials to take note of the principal points of his lecture, but the sum total of her efforts, much to the mortification of the dignified lady, was, "Ain't it nice?"

The first part of his discourse was devoted to wholesome advice on the subject of matrimony, his idea being that the bride should hunt for the groom, an opinion in which the young ladies differed from him. He also advocated a long noon recess in our daily school routine, during which we might do as we pleased, or follow his school-days' example by taking a nap. He told of his experiences in regard to this form of noon recreation. One day he went to school, dressed in his best bib and tucker. It being the occasion of his twelfth birthday, he had just been supplied with a new outfit, and perhaps had grown some since a similar event, at any rate, when the usual noon recess was announced

and the boys all crowded into the large hall to refresh themselves, he found his trousers too tight to allow him to stretch out on the floor, as his companions did, so when the teacher came round and found his pupil still awake and so much ahead of time in his twentieth century suit, he gave him a sound thrashing.

The fact of the teachers' and principal's presence did not seem to make any difference to the stout old lecturer, who told us the stories, and he kept up a continual round of rambling discourse on love, war and adventure until he had seemingly come to the end of his ideas, but we were mistaken. He then brought out a large lamp shaped affair, which he placed in the middle of the chapel and named, "magic lantern."

He then proceeded to display a large number of pictures, most heterogenous in selection, and seemed to be as much interested in them as any one else. After each picture he would exclaim enthusiastically, "Ain't it nice?"

After the lights were turned on again, he sang several songs, winding up with "Dixie," which was much applauded. The girls then took leave of the amiable orator, with his last words still ringing in their ears—"Aain't it nice?"

OLIVIA BARROW.



The Armenian.

GRAND ILLUSTRATED
== **LECTURE** ==
-- ON --
Armenia
TURKEY and . . .
REMEMBER THE MAINE
BY REV.
Krikor Hagop Basmajian,
(A Native Armenian) of Constantinople.
e e e **OVER 100 VIEWS.** e e e
Mr. Basmajian during the Lecture will sing in English,
Armenian, Turkish and Greek.
Mary Baldwin Seminary Chapel,
Saturday Evening, 7:30 o'clock. Admission 10 cts.



OY filled our hearts when we caught sight of the above striking announcement. It had been placed on the bulletin board the morning after we had been given a brief chapel talk by Mr. Krikor Hagop Basmajian, an Armenian, whose vocabulary, to say the least, was not very extensive, his favorite expression being, "Ain't it nice?" which was used after each long-winded narrative, whether of churches, religions, Armenian customs, marriages, Turkish dances schools, modes of burial, the art of taking noon naps, in fact, every subject concerning literature, religion, society and politics, all of which he disscussed at length during his two visits.

At his first appearance he was so talkative and good natured that he pleased the girls thoroughly, and when he inquired, "How would you like for me to come up and give you a lecture?" the proposition met with such

The Glee and Mandolin Concert of the University of Virginia.



ASSING down to dinner on the afternoon of December the second, we noticed a blank piece of paper on the plate of each teacher, as there always is when we are to be given the opportunity to go to any entertainment. We girls knew the Glee Club was to give a concert in Stanton, but hardly dared to hope that we *the Seminary girls*, would be allowed the pleasure of attending it, so you may imagine our interest and excitement when we found that we were to go. After much giving and taking of advice in regard to our costumes for this grand occasion, we appeared, *strange to say*, in our black uniforms at the appointed hour in the opera house. After waiting a few moments with much curiosity for the curtain to rise, our patience was rewarded by the appearance of the entire Glee and Mandolin Clubs in the Scorching March, and such remarks as these might have been heard from various girls: "Isn't he cute?" "Which one?" "Oh! look at the one with the blue cover on his mandolin; he has the sweetest eyes!" "Who is that second violinist smiling at?" "A mighty cute smile, whoever it's for." "Do lend me your opera glasses; I must see those eyes again!" By the time the march was over, I am positive each girl had decided which was the most attractive member of the club.

Next came "Borun" by the Glee Club. Their voices were all very good. Then the Mandolin Club played "Sweet Memories." Now, if you have ever heard this waltz, you can imagine what its effect would be on a real sentimental school girl—and, pardon me, some who are not as well. I am sure each girl had left the opera house (in mind anyway), when Mr. Abbott called them back by his solo, "Dreams," and, before he had finished, each

school girl before him was ready to succumb to his charms of voice and person.

Then followed "The Frog's Wooing" and "Stars and Stripes" by the Mandolin Club, the latter meeting with an enthusiastic burst of applause from the whole house.

The Glee Club sang "The Catastrophe" in a very amusing manner, and as an encore sang "At the Last Game of Ball." If you remember, Carolina beat them six to two on Thanksgiving—hurrah for Carolina!—and consequently the singers all went weeping from the stage.

Mr. Brink, who has a beautiful voice, sang "Little Boy Blue" in place of Mr. Hoen's cello solo, this was thoroughly enjoyed, and he received a hearty encore.

Then came the "Intermission," when the boys came down and spoke to those whom they knew in the audience, and refreshments (ice water) were served.

"Intermission" being over, Mandolin Club played D'Amour, followed by "My Home is Where the Heather Blooms" by Glee Club; then "Pique Dame" by Mandolin Club, and "Wing Ter Wee" was sung by Glee Club in a very jolly manner.

Mr. De Prete delighted the audience with a piccolo solo, which met with a storm of applause.

The Glee Club sang "The Water Mill." Then the old favorite "Georgia Camp-Meeting" was played by the Mandolin Club, and again the girls' thoughts wandered to their last two steps before coming to school.

This thoroughly delightful program was ended by "The Orange and the Blue," sung by the Glee Club, but accompanied by the instruments as well as the voices of the Mandolin Club.

We are certainly indebted to the University Glee and Mandolin Clubs for one of the most enjoyable evenings that we have spent during the school year of ninety-eight and ninety-nine.

ANNIE SNOWDEN CARR.

Notches in the Crane.

Jokes.

Definitions by Name.

An unusual noise—Rat(e)din
A tiny dwelling—Smailhouse.
Synonym for marshes and swamps—Boggs.
Black in German—Schwarz
A means of conveyance—Barrow.
An incubator—Hatcher.
A brown study—Brown.
S—Seinworth.
Three Sweet Williams—Sharp, Jodie and Janie.
A bad thing when r is added—Todd.
A doubtful musical instrument—Horne
Worse than her bite—Barker.
A pedestrian—Walker.
"Still there's more to fellow"—"Days of Bruce"
Names far too rare for puns—Smith and Jones.
Not in Scotland—Glasgow.
Prone to wander—Strayer.
What are profits?—Gaines.
Often found at bargain counters—Byers.
In a Seminary—Lackman.
A necessity in the culinary department—Potts
Who said she was colored?—White



From an exercise in the use of epithets—"Miss T. had passed through a long period of the ceaseless waltz of events and was then on the quarter stretch of life's race-track, looking like a faded flower. * * * The curves of her dress were sonorous."

R. M.—"See my uncle's old Bible? He gave it to me in 1850."

R. W.—"Papa's coming Thanksgiving and maybe he'll stay over Good Friday."

E. T.—"Did Wolsley found the Methodist Church?"

Mr. King to H. B.—"How are von this morning, Miss B.?"

"O, just lovely, I thank you, Mr. King!"

G. A., in Anglo-Saxon—"Miss M., where shall I find the congregation of man?"

S. C.—"The old Teuton thought parasite the worst of crimes."

An M. B. S. girl wants to know how often the Annual comes out.

W. H., at the Episcopal Church—"Is this service going to last until vespers-to-morrow morning?"

A student, ignorant of the meaning of fungus, is requested to learn the definition for the next recitation, when she proudly produces the following: "Fungus, a cryptogamous plant, destitute of chlorophyl and deriving its nourishment wholly or almost wholly from organic compounds as basidiomycetes."

H. R.—"I am going to write to Papa and ask him to send me a sunburst for Christmas." Friend—"Well! I have heard of sun-strokes, but never of a sunburst before."

Member of Rhetoric Class—"Where is Dryden's poem on Mistress Anne *Kilogramme*?"

Student in Senior Literature—"The greatest prehistoric movement since the Renaissance was the development of democracy."

In American Literature—"Bryant's *descendants* came over in the Mayflower."

S. W. is an authority on "Anglo-Saxon phrenology."

Music student, on receiving bill for piano lessons—"I didn't know Prof. H. was a Dr."

Who was enquiring about the "Progrigal Father?"

Anxious French student, desiring to say good evening to the French teacher in her own tongue—"Mouchoir, Mademoiselle!"

Three Letters from an M. B. S. Girl.

BY MARGARET LYNN COCHRAN.

On the Day of Her Arrival.

DEAR MAMA:

I arrived here this morning, and a more tired, bedraggled, home-sick, forlorn mortal you never saw. I kept the tears bravely back until I was shown to my room, but the door was scarcely closed, when I threw myself on the bed and had a good hard cry.

I never felt so miserable in my life! You can hear nothing but the occasional laugh of some heartless old girl who is not home-sick. I can't live if I stay here, so please write and say I may come home. I feel as if I shall have a spell of sickness if you don't. I used to laugh at the boarding-school girl, who, when she first left home, made a rag-doll, and, calling it by the names of the different members of the family in turn, spent most of her first week at school kissing it and crying over it! Well, I don't any more. When my trunk was brought to my door, I could have hugged it, because it came from home, but, refraining from this, I cried over each picture of the family. The school is beautifully situated, but O, so different from home! There is the supper-bell, so I must stop.

Your lonely daughter,

MARY.

Two Days After Her Arrival.

DEAR MAMA:

I have only time enough to write you a note before the breakfast-bell rings, and there is so much to tell, I don't know where to begin. My room-mate is the sweetest, dearest old thing you ever saw. She is sixteen years old, and knows ever so many

people I do, she met them at the springs last summer. Henry Oldwood, and Will Penn, and her cousin knows Mary and Ella Rathbone. Isn't it fine? She is going to finish in Music and the University Course both in three years, and I have decided to do the same, if possible. Won't you be proud of me then? I haven't time to get home-sick now, as I am kept so busy. Do write real soon, and send me a box with some good home-made cake, and jelly, and pickles, and sardines and olives, and beaten biscuits and salad. There goes the bell! Good-bye.

MARY.

P. S. Please send the box real soon.

Three Years Later.

MY DEAR MOTHER

This is the last Sunday I shall ever write to you from the dear old Seminary. And now when I look back on my school days I feel as Johnson did when he said, "It is difficult to say good-bye to anything not wholly evil without regret." Just to think--you will be with me this time next week, and that then all the work and worry of my school days will be over forever! What will follow; I wonder! My old letters of three years ago, which you enclosed to me, amused me very much at first, but on second thought, I saw why you had saved and sent them to me. It was to let me know how much I had changed. I wonder if in years to come this letter will appear as foolish to me as these do now.

I should like to study either law or medicine next winter. When you come, tell me what you think of my plan.

Your loving daughter,

MARY.

Verger—A little old man.

Tournament—Something connected with a tourist.

Cloister—A member of a choir

Mausoleum—A museum

Tessellate—To provoke.

Vagrant—Bright green.

Coquettish—Spry.

Croquet— } Differentiation made by a student—

Coquette— } "You play *croquette*, you eat *coquette*,"

Croquette— } and a *croquet* is a flirtatious girl "

Collier—A miller

Salamander—A kind of water spirit.

Gnome—A dwarf with ears.

Mules—Big donkeys.

Asses—Little donkeys.

Peau—A bell.

Palpable—Pleasant to the taste.

A smacking breeze—A breeze that drives a smack.

Unconscionable—Without a conscience.

Huswif—A cook-book.

Conv—A monkey.



Advance Sheet of the M. B. S. Dictionary.



When in Doubt—Consult the Dictionary.



Diamater—A line of two feet

Epithet—An inscription on a tombstone.

Vane—A crack in a chimney

Penthouse—A poorhouse

Embrasure—A bringing together in one embrace.

Father of Waters—The Mediterranean.

Electrocute—Wrongly used for *elocute*.

Embarrass *des richesses*—Financially embarrassed

Yodel—To carry on the back.

Sty—Steps going over a fence.

Prodigy —A fad.

Cycle—Something to cut grass with.

Idyl—Something people worship.

Medley—Lazy.

Theory—A philosophical treatise.

Statute—A monument erected to some one

never tell, for, should my fellow-editors hear of it, I should be convicted of high treason, and shot on the spot.

Many of my victims wished I would come to see them again. This was the refinement of cruelty. They could not have known the hours spent on that toilet, and the self-abasement of that *eternal* smile. Some—may all praise be given them—were charming. They actually subscribed!

Bad as my calls for subscriptions were, those for advertisements were even worse. The proprietors, also, must have read my deep designs, judging from the interminable time they kept me waiting. Several had the effrontery to tell me that the advertisement would do them no good. In fact, it would be the same thing as giving the money to me. My poor character! Would these people leave a shred of it? I had expected to be hailed as a harmless lunatic, but to be called a highwayman was more than I anticipated. I made touching appeals to their loyalty to the Seminary, and to their desire for eternal glory in having helped a noble cause, but, in vain.

Others, with whom we poor girls had spent our last pennies, with supreme condescension agreed to take a *quarter of a page*. And the bitterness of finding, in case the proprietor were young enough for me to dare propose it, that the fact that he would receive, if he advertised, a free copy of the Annual with our *pictures* in it, did not awaken a glow of enthusiasm.

I came home weary but revengeful, and planned a conspiracy that would have done honour to Cataline. We girls would get together and boycott every merchant who would not advertise with us. Of course, that would destroy his business, and we should have the delight of seeing him "sell out at cost."

At first it was very hard to see my friends steal around the corner, at my approach, and have the members of the family stop their ears at the inadvertent mention of "Annual," but, as with the rest of life's woes, I gradually grew hardened, and ceased to lament.

But the fine copy I would prepare, only to have it ruthlessly destroyed by a sister editor's censorship. A particularly fine "grind" must go, because the subject was the "darling" of somebody on the editorial staff. An excruciatingly funny joke must also sink into oblivion for the same reason. Everybody's enticement developed such a sudden and surprising sensitiveness, that we editors began to believe that nothing less impersonal than a collection of "Thoughts on the Universe" would be acceptable.

Such have been some of the woes, which I, in common with the other editors, have experienced in our Herculean task. May the dear public of our readers—none the less dear because limited—duly appreciate our efforts!

EUGENIA SPROUL BURGARDNER

Woes of an Editor.

AN editor! How thrilling! The very word set my brain on fire. Already I saw my name blazoned forth on fame's immortal roll. How many of our noblest in Literature had risen from that humble position to their high estate. Yes, and I too would so rise.

It was a trifle disconcerting, however, when I was handed a long list of people, whom, as my first duty, I was to ask to subscribe to the Annual. I had pictured myself working on manuscripts into the midnight hours, becoming thin, pale, and haggard, like all Grub Street authors, alarming the family, in fact, as to my health. But oh! the infinite pleasure of knowing that secretly they were so proud of me. Did it after all mean only this? I thought of that Inferno to which I had a thousand times sent book agents, foreign missionaries and church fair drummers, who, by their pitiful stories, had gotten my last fifty cents.

The word "editor," however, proved soul inspiring. It came to my rescue, and, by ennobling the distasteful duty thrust upon me, saved a part, at least, of my fast tumbling fairy castle. To be sure, there must be disagreeable work. Why, of course, biographies always told about the horrid things famous men have had to do.

I looked over the names on the subscription list. Was there one whose friendship for me extended all the way to fifty cents? Honesty compelled me to answer, "No!" Should I renounce friendship for fame? For a moment the scales hung balanced

"Fame," I cried, "friendship's but a name." And then, there are compensations, even for the loss of a friend: for, when future historians write one up, some sentimental creatures will weep over my devotion to duty and the hard-hearted way in which I was treated.

Dressed in my best, therefore, and affecting my most ingratiating smile, I sallied forth. The arguments I had learned were most thoroughly convincing. The Annual was to be the cleverest thing yet published—it was to have a beautiful white and yellow cover—it was eight inches by eleven—the jokes were entirely new, as were the grinds also (may heaven pardon me, but it was absolutely necessary)—and most convincing of all, of course, were my victim a man, it was to have *our pictures* in it.

Tremblingly I rang the bell. "So sorry, but Miss —— is out." Could she have known? Do you suppose it was possible that she read in my face that I was coming to mulet her of fifty cents? Oh! for a looking-glass to practice a different expression. I was sure that in the last peep I had taken when leaving home, I had looked utterly innocent, and had positively congratulated myself that my face had not betrayed any base intentions.

My next appeal, and, in the face of all these arguments of mine too, met with the response that she had seen so many school Annals, and had found them so decidedly alike, so little originality.

Others, among my looked for subscribers, were desperately interested in the Seminary, but had so many things to do with their fifty cents. I was thoroughly in sympathy with these, but

fire burned in a big, open fire-place and before it, in a great chair, sat the same girl. Yes, she was the same in some respects, but oh, how different in others! She was undoubtedly more beautiful than she had been a year before, with the beauty, not of a young girl, but of a mature woman.

This time her pale blue dress was of handsome silk, her golden hair was piled on her head like a crown of gold, and those deep blue eyes wore a far different expression. There was a far-away, wistful look in them, an indefinite something which suggested that they had wept many bitter tears.

Just then there was a knock on the door, and a little page entered bearing a large box. "It just came, m'am; I think the master sent it; shall I leave it here?" he asked respectfully, and

being answered in the affirmative, laid it down and went out.

Slowly she began to open it, as if she felt very little interest in the contents. Within lay some exquisite red roses and on them was a card with these words, "May you spend this Valentine day as happily as you did the last one."

If he only knew the pain these words brought to her heart; but, no! she was determined that he should NEVER know, though even as she made this brave resolve, her tears fell thick and fast upon the roses.

Grandma's faded old eyes were weeping too, when she came to herself after this long retrospect, and as she meekly picked up the neglected knitting her tremulous lips murmured, "It might have been."

LUCY BOYD



Memories of Valentine.

It was Valentine day and Grandma sat by the fire knitting. Outside the wind howled dismally, as an accompaniment to a slow drizzling rain, but within, everything was bright and cheerful.

Presently a young girl came running in, carrying a bouquet of American Beauty roses. "Aren't they lovely, Grandma?" she said. "They just came as a Valentine, and I am going to put them on this table so you can enjoy them. I know they will bring back to you memories of some Valentine day long ago, and if the story is real interesting you must tell me about it after a while." Suiting the action to the word, she arranged the great fragrant roses in a bowl, and went out singing.

As Grandma gazed at them, there was a smile on her lips, and even a pretty blush swept over her face, for sure enough she was thinking, as old folks are wont to do, of the past—yes, of a Valentine day exactly sixty years ago. Her busy fingers grew slow, slower, and slower in their movements; her old eyes gradually began to droop, until at last she sat perfectly still, though the smile still played gently about her lips. She saw before her a plainly furnished, but neat and tasteful room, into which a young girl entered, dressed in a plain blue gingham frock which seemed exactly to suit her delicate style of beauty, and Grandma noted with pride her slender figure, golden hair and sweet modest blue eyes. In the room sat a young soldier boy, whose frank, open face lighted up when he saw the girl enter, and he advanced

toward her with both hands extended.

But a soldier, however far-sighted in battle, can not always read correctly a young girl's heart, which is a strange, strange thing, and not perhaps as faithful as it should be. Who can tell what sudden misunderstanding arose, what boyish jealousy or girlish coquetry cast an unexpected cloud over the pleasure of that Valentine interview? Suffice it to say, that but a short time after their greeting, they stood face to face in passionate anger.

Just then a handsome carriage stopped before the door, and a tall young man, dressed in the latest fashion of the day, and carrying some magnificent old-fashioned red roses, stepped up to door and knocked loudly. "Good morning," he said, with a bright smile, "you see I have cast aside all rules and regulations, and have driven over to bring you my Valentine instead of sending it. How beautiful the red looks against that pale blue dress."

The sun-burned, ruddy face of the soldier boy turned pale as he stood there listening, and the girl's face paled a little too, as he said good-bye to her, and quietly left the room—never to return.

The scenes in Grandma's mind then shifted to Valentine's day one year later. Before her was a beautiful room full of light and color. It was furnished with handsome mahogany, rich carpets covered the floor, and on the walls were many wonderful pictures, while a faint scent of flowers filled the air. A bright

with their singing, for thirty or forty male voices sound well, even if they are not De Rezkes. Much natural musical talent is displayed and an infinite variety of songs greets one's ears, from "The Holy City" to a rollicking drinking song as a grand finale. There are various convenient places and cozy corners provided for those who care to indulge in mild flirtations and cultivate student friendships. In the halls, hanging over the baluster, or on inviting looking couches in a secluded corner of the members' room, may be seen groups of men and girls who have sauntered out during rest "to get a breath of air," they say. The members' room is a very attractive feature of the League.

On a long table in the center of the room are all the latest magazines, periodicals and art journals of the day, also a good art library containing many excellent works on art and reference books, which all the students are at liberty to take advantage of from nine until four, but the room is open at all hours.

The morning classes close at quarter past twelve, and the afternoon class begins at half past twelve so during that hour there is a general rush and hurry to cloak rooms, boarding houses, and lunch room where many students who work all day and live at a distance, take their noon-day meal. The League provides lunch for the students at the least possible price, so that one's hunger can be satisfied for eight cents and an ample repast is furnished for sixteen cents.

The lunch room is large and airy, and contains a number of small tables and chairs. At one end is a long table supplied with pens, ink and paper for the use of the students. On one side, is a long counter, like those seen in dairy lunch rooms, where three German girls prepare the food on a gas range and supply the wants of the hungry. On the counter all day sits a basket of apples, which may be had at a penny a piece. A glass of milk is only four cents, and every afternoon at four, tea, crackers and butter are served for four cents and that is the time when the affluent art student give the girl he likes best a four cent treat. This quiet and monotonous existence is occasionally interrupted by "treats" which are given by a new member of the lite class,

In the women's classes it is usually ice cream, but occasionally one more venturesome will serve champagne cider, and when "Thomas the Mighty," who knows all things, brings up a bowl of cracked ice and there is a sound of clinking glasses and merry singing the class in the next room is speechless with astonishment, for the men think they all might attend, and such hilarity reminds them of their own treats whose principal feature is the festive punch bowl, when the halls ring with songs and shouts, and speeches, to say nothing of beating tin pans.

On Tuesdays and Fridays, an entirely different spirit seems to pervade the class rooms, for these are criticism days. Criticisms are regarded as a necessary evil by some, and accepted accordingly, while others are intensely rebellious, or become discouraged and go home, only to return the next day with renewed hope and secret determination to make a master piece.

The daily routine of school life is varied occasionally by visits to art galleries, private exhibitions, walks in the park or midnight suppers—and, for some more fortunate ones--Grand Opera and Symphony Concerts, for music is so closely allied to art that the study of one makes the other all the more appreciated.

The watchword of the student seems to be "Hope," for there are so many disappointments and failures, and the best one can do falls so far short of one's aim and ambition, that were it not for the hope of success in some future effort, they would surely grow weary and give up the struggle and many would could they know what was folded in the bosom of the morrow; but instead, they comfort themselves with dreams of the artists' millenium, which Kipling tells about when,

"Only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame;
But each with the joy of the working, and each in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees it for the God of Things as They
Are."

SADIE ISABELLE METZ,
(A former student at the M. B. S.)

The Life of an Art Student in New York.

MOST people have an erroneous idea of the life of an art student. Some think it all work, and others all fun; whereas it is neither, only the artistic temperament makes it perhaps a bit more intense in both extremes. It is certainly not to be wondered at that art student life assumes a distinct individuality when it is known that the city of New York, according to statistics, includes fourteen thousand art students who come to the gay metropolis to seek fame and fortune; though it is to be feared that the ultimate result of the labors and ambition of the greater number will not be known to history. So far as the personal gain is concerned, one never feels that love's labor has been lost in the study of art, for, if the pursuit of a frivolous art seriously ennobles and strengthens, how much more benefit must be derived from the serious, earnest study of one of the highest arts, which teaches us to appreciate the true, the beautiful and the good in all nature.

The Art Students' League, on Fifty seventh street, is only one of the many art schools in New York, but it is one of the most prominent, and a short sketch of the life there gives one a general idea of the routine and life of all. It might be said to be in Artists' Row, for more than half the houses from Seventh to Ninth avenue are boarding-houses and filled mostly by art students. From eight o'clock in the morning until ten at night, men and women, boys and girls may be seen going to and from the League usually bearing the distinctive characteristics of the art student—frowzy hair, carelessness in dress, half-grown beard, and carrying paint boxes and sketch books.

It seems to puzzle the general public why people who are artistic and claim to be lovers of the beautiful, should be careless in dress, but, as a member of that much scorned tribe, I would say to them—try the life of an art student away from home, living in a boarding-house, and then you will understand. Most art students have very limited means; they live in fourth floor, back-hall rooms without any heat, and are frequently reminded by the landlady that they cannot demand the same consideration in the dining-room as those who occupy the second story front room.

Some rent cheap rooms in an undesirable part of the city, and cook their own meals on small gas stoves, while others, perhaps six or eight take a flat together, hire one servant, who is maid of all work and take turns in housekeeping. If they are strong and can stand this latter Bohemian existence, they can live comfortably on twenty dollars a month and very often much less. The morning classes begin at half past eight, and as each Monday, except Concom's Week, there is a new model, if one is anxious for a good place, she eats a hurried breakfast, paying more attention to the clock than to the food. Hurrying off, she draws perhaps number thirteen instead of the much hoped for two or three.

The women classes are usually more quiet than the men and get much less fun out of it, which goes to prove the truth of the old proverb about "all work and no play," for the men invariably turn out the best work as a class, if not individually. The class rooms are separated by a thin wooden partition so that a conversation in one room is plainly audible in the next if the voices are not well modulated. The men afford much entertainment

While we wish the hour would pass,
With a groan !

And the "Fac"—ah, the "Fac !" !
They who put us on the rack,

Without moan,
Listening to the tolling, tolling
Of that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the student's heart a stone.
Whisper low in speaking of them;
There's no power on earth above them,

They keep the roll !
Ever sounds the weary beat
Of the students' shifting feet
Keeping time, time, time
To the throbbing of the bells—
To the sobbing of the bells;
As they listen to their knells—
As they hear the note that fells
All their hopes in rolling bells.
All their dreams in tolling bells,
In the crying and the sighing of the bells

IV.

All the ev'ning still they sound—
Iron bells !

Telling weary mortals that the walking hour rolls round.
And we prance, prance, prance,
All in line ! Unless by chance,

We can skip !
Then the tinkling supper bell—
Welcome bell !

Down the stairs we rush pell-mell,
At the ringing of that bell !
Thinking of those rolls and butter
Puts us in a worser flutter,

Than tongue can tell.
Hark ! we hear another call,
Summoning to study hall,
O, to grind, grind, grind !
Chemistry and Mathematics make us almost blind,
Horace and the plays of Plautus
To insanity have brought us.

How we drive !
How we strive
To learn those awful w's five !
And the wells and ohs and whys
We must conquer to be wise
Is appalling.

V.

And the "light bell," hear it ring.
With a chiming ting-a-ling !

"Lights out, please !" !
Hear it tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night !
While the teacher's eyes they twinkle
With a sort of fierce delight
If she catches one poor wight
Who is burning still her light.
At the door she gently taps;
There she raps, raps, raps !
And forthwith a name she slaps
Upon the office list

So, my dear,
Do take care
When you hear
First, the tintinnabulation that unmusically wells
From the bells, bells—bells, bells,—
Bells, bells, bells,—
From the jingling and the jangling of the bells.

KATE JONES.

The Bell.

With Apologies to Poe.

I.

Hear the mournful rising bell—
Doleful bell !
What a world of pleasant dreams its clanging doth expel !
In the balmy air of morn,
What a sound to maid forlorn
From its rusty iron throat
Saying Arise !
O, the maid who dares rebel,
Sad and sorrowful indeed her tale it is to tell !
Hear it swell !
Hear it well !
On the prudence hear it dwell
Of the cautious demoiselle
Who arises with the rising of the roaring rising bell,
Of the bell, bell, bell, bell,
Bell, bell, bell, -
O, the dinging and the donging of that bell !

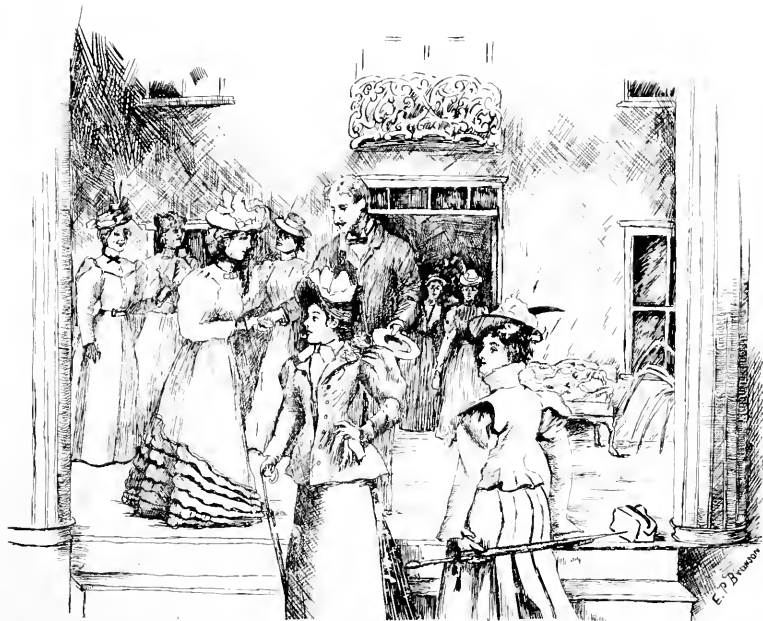
II.

Hark, the clarion breakfast bell !
Deadly bell !
For the girls who're yet asleep it rings an awful knell.
In the startled ear doth chime,
Warning sluggards of the time

With a mad expostulation, waking those who still do snore,
Heedless of its undulation, who in realms of dreamland soar !
Now they spring up at its roar.
'O, the bell, bell, bell !'
Cry the girls whose voices tell
Of despair !
'Goodness me, my skirt is torn !'
'And my collar button's gone !'
'Will I ever get these awful slippers on !'
Such the words that meet the ear,
Water splashing !
Mirrors flashing !
Maidens dashing
'Round their rooms in frantic fear !
Hair *will* tangle,
Room mates wrangle
In the hurry; while the jangle
Still we're hearing, of that aggravating bell !!!
Of that bell, bell, bell, bell,
Bell, bell, bell—
Of that boring, flooring, smashing, clashing bell !

III.

O the tolling of the bells—
Lesson bells !
What a page of zeros now their monody foretells !
Through the day, from hour to hour
How we tremble and we cower
At the melancholy menace of their tone !
How they call from class to class,



GOING HOME.

E. P. Driscoll

An M. B. S. Girl's Life---Continued.

lected on each side to see us pass. We were taken to the very front seats, as many of us as possible sitting in the "Amen" corner. After service, we all had to keep our places until everybody had left the church and then we were taken back in the same way we came.

The night of a soiree was an exciting time with us. We usually wore white on such occasions, for no one was allowed to appear on the stage in colors. At a few minutes of eight, the line was formed on the back gallery and marched to chapel. We had to sit on long benches, termed by us circus benches, which were on each side of the stage. There we had to sit during the entire evening, with nothing to support our backs, our eyes fixed on the stage, and listening to music we had heard practiced for months before. After the entertainment was over we were allowed to talk for a few minutes to any of our friends who were present and then hurried to our rooms.

We did not believe in holidays at our school, so had very few, Thanksgiving Day, three days at Christmas, Lee's birthday

and three days in the spring. On the night after Thanksgiving Day rumors were afloat that a most strictly forbidden and unholy festivity, namely a mid-night feast, had been participated in by some of our girls, but such occasions were always kept secret, so the truth was never known.

The long stretch from January to the close of school was broken by a rest of a few days in April and at last June did come, and with it home going. Need I attempt to describe the last day of school? Most, if not all of those into whose hands this little book may fall have passed through that period. If so, as they read this little sketch of a Baldwin girl's life, the memory of those days will rise before their mind's eye more vividly than I can hope to make it by my pen. Suffice it to say that with hearts light, yet shadowed with a feeling of regret at saying farewell to so many friends, we left the Seminary for our far away homes, bearing with us many sweet thoughts of the pleasures experienced there and rapidly fading memories of its trials.

ISABEL SCOTT.



A SOIREE.

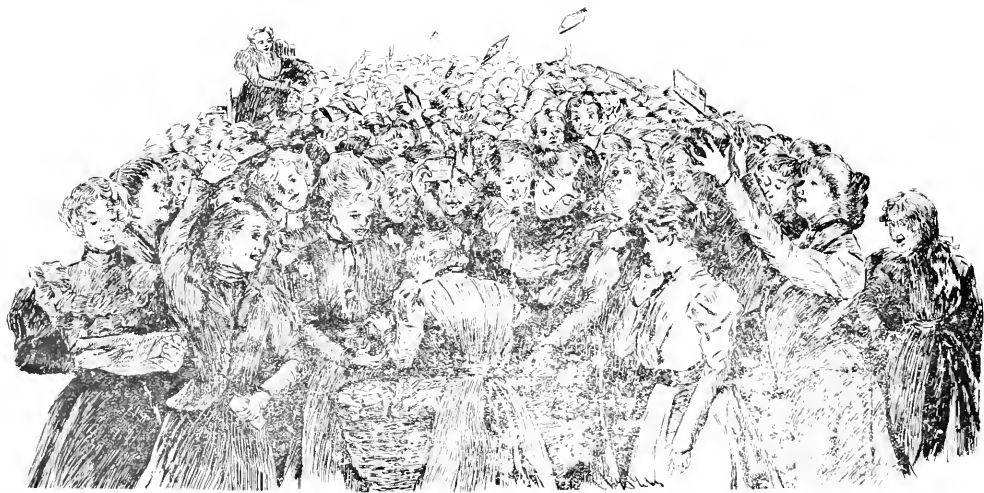
An M. B. S. Girl's Life---Continued.

anticipation.

From seven till nine in the evening was the period appointed for "study hall" which was held in the chapel. I was able to do very little studying there and usually spent the time in writing notes or poetry. One night I decided to write a Latin poem in imitation (?) of Horace's odes and had just finished the first stanza, when the teacher, who kept study hall that night demanded to know what I was doing and called for my paper, so I never finished my first attempt at a Latin poem, but here is what I wrote,

Parva Puella,
O lege tu bella
Hannibalis duri
Et Romani viri
Et lege tu bene
Ante crastino mane
Si id non amator
Ut tu nunc datur
In foream missa
A tua magistra "

At half past nine we all had to be in our rooms and promptly at ten all lights went out. If they were not out by the time the last tap of the bell had died away we would hear the familiar, nasal voice of the night watchman calling out, "Ladies, lights out if you please," and as the gas went out the routine of an ordinary day's life at the M. B. S. ended. Now, what of the extraordinary or red-letter days we spent there? First there were Saturday and Sunday. Saturday morning was usually spent in study but in the afternoon we were allowed to go out or receive our friends and nearly every Saturday night we went up to the "Gym" and danced. Sunday was indeed a sweet and welcome day after all the trials of the week. The continual din of the pianos ceased and everything was peaceful. We always attended church twice a day and if for any reason we did not do so, the penalty paid was to spend the day in the Infirmary. We were marched to church in sections, every section being guarded by a teacher and John Smith, the watchman, always stood just before the door to protect us from the boys who col-



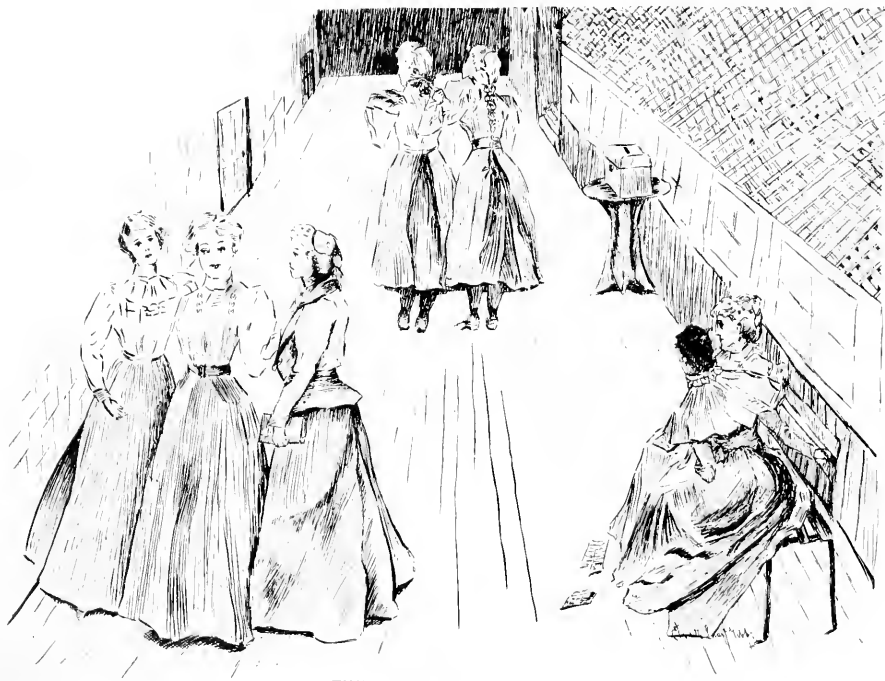
MAIL CALL.

An M. B. S. Girl's Life---Continued.

We were all required to be present at chapel service, which was held at a quarter of nine o'clock in the morning, and the remainder of the day was spent in study and recitation. Oh, the hours I pored over that dreadful Livy or spent trying to commit to memory Latin poetry! I could learn it, but the trouble came when I tried to say it. My heart would give one bound into my throat and prevent me from uttering the words no matter how hard I tried. Of all that I learned, I now know only one line, which was a source of constant comfort to me: "Forsitans hæc olim meminisse juvabit." "Perhaps it will be pleasant to remember these things in time to come." Then, too, I had to spend hours upon the study of Dryden or Pope or some equally uninteresting author. At last, however, that "dear tocsin of the soul," the dinner-bell, sounded and put an end to my troubles for a while. As soon as the bell for dismissal of classes rang, the girls always collected on the back gallery and promenaded until time to descend to the dining room. They were always eager for a chat at this time, and one in passing

would hear such bits of conversation as this: "Isn't he handsome?" "He is just too cute!" Who this mysterious *he* is, you would not be able to find out from what was said, but might guess that it was one of those fascinating 'sultors,' whom to think about, or even look at from a window, was an unpardonable crime for a Baldwin girl. Just then another girl comes up and says, "Oh, Jennie, here are the proofs of my picture; what do you think of them?" "They are just horrid," "They don't do you justice." "I wouldn't think of taking them," and as the owner turns to some one else, Jennie is heard to say, "Don't they flatter her?"

The afternoon, like the morning, was always spent in study and recitations, until walking time. The most secluded streets were always selected for this half hour of recreation, for a Baldwin girl must never appear on Main Street or other public thoroughfares, unless, perhaps when she wants a hat or dress, or some such article. Then she is allowed to go with a teacher to this same awful Main Street whose mysterious fascinations have often thrilled her imagination with unspeakable wonder and



THE PASSING SHOW.

An M. B. S. Girl's Life.

☪ II the first few days of life at a boarding school ! How doleful and gloomy they are ! Never can I forget the feeling that crept over me when I arrived at the M. B. S., or the morning that I walked in the chapel for the first time, and saw two hundred pairs of piercing eyes, all, as I thought, fixed upon me. It was a feeling I had never experienced before. I have learned since that it was home sickness, but then I only knew that I longed for my dear old Alabama home with all my heart.

In a few days, however, work began and with it trouble. I always — no, not always, but sometimes, got up at six to study, but one morning, I think it was early in November, I failed to hear the rising bell and as a consequence was late to breakfast. I was told that I must receive five demerits and go to 'office' as punishment for this offense. You who have never been to 'office' at the M. B. S. can not appreciate this part of my story. Promptly at nine o'clock, with several others, that had to pass through this dreadful ordeal, I was ushered into the Library. There we were

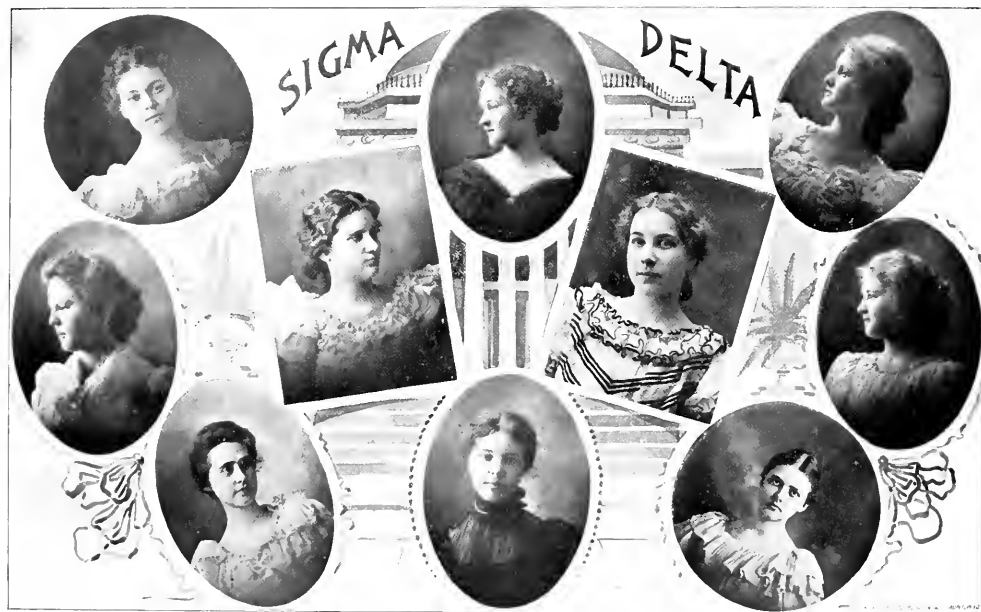
set at work, some copying and learning passages from "Paradise Lost" or "Pilgrim's Progress," some writing French or German verbs and some copying page after page of Webster's Unabridged. Oh the horrors of that morning ! We were kept until the clock struck twelve and you may be sure we profited by that morning's experience, for I, for one, did not have to go again for *six long* weeks.

Immediately after breakfast each morning came mail-call. We all flocked to the Hall if the weather were too cold for the mail to be distributed on the back gallery. An immense basket was then brought from the office and one of the teachers or girls distributed the mail. Such a mass and jumble of girls as we were ! We would climb on chairs or tables and push and jostle each other in our efforts to get nearer that delightful basket, and a doleful picture did those present who turned away without the coveted letter, for "something dreadful must have happened" or "something must be the matter with the mail or that letter would have come."

Miscellaneous. ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣







Lutie Luckett Moore.

Elizabeth Harsen Turnbull,

Besse Harriet Babcock.

Lavilla Belknap Lyons.

Annie Snowden Carr.

Katharine McPherson Scott.

Nelle Bly Brown.

Winifred Lee Adderton.

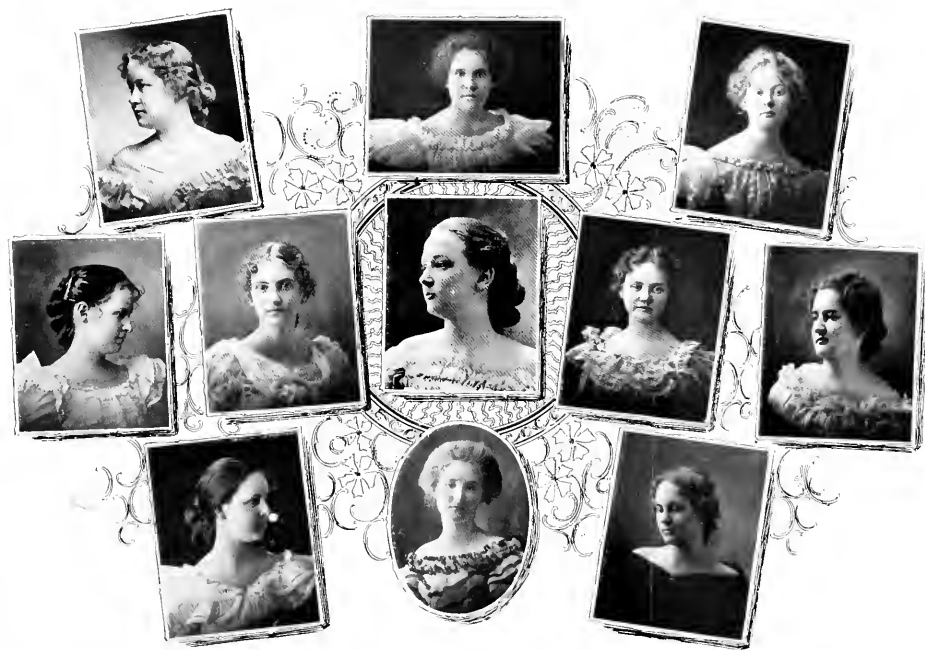
Mamie Campbell Grasty

Rufie Pauline White.



 *Sigma Delta.* 







*"He knows thy thought,
List to his word, but say thou naught."*

The Alpha Chapter of the Zeta Phi Chi Sorosis.

ESTABLISHED 1898.

COLORS—Turquoise Blue and Black.

FLOWERS—Red and White Carnations

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TOAST.

Here's to,

"M. B. & forever
And here's to the Z. Ph. X. in time,
So now let us eat and be merry,
And drink to "Auld Lang Syne"

Zeta Phi Chi.



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SHARP WILLIAMS
MISSISSIPPI - PRESIDENT



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Rispa Dudley
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May Hutchinson
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Lilian Kensett

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NO. II.

MISS ELIZABETH TURNBULL, Editor-in-Chief

MISS ROSA WATKINS, }
MISS WILLIE HUDSON, } Associate Editors.





The M. B. S. Miscellany.





OFFICERS OF THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

The Origin, Growth and Prospects of the Mary Baldwin Literary Society.

AT the beginning of the session '98-'99, a few of the old girls and some of the newcomers gradually awakened to the fact that a school of the size of the Mary Baldwin Seminary should have a Literary Society. The project was discussed for several weeks, and was finally brought to a decided issue on the evening of Saturday, November the 19th, in a meeting in the chapel to formally present the subject to as many of the girls as were interested. The meeting resulted in the foundation of the Mary Baldwin Literary Society of sixty-eight charter-members.

It was resolved that the Society should aim to afford the girls a pleasant recreation and at the same time to create an interest in general literature and an instructive drill in parliamentary law. After a committee was appointed to draw up the constitution and by-laws of the Society, the meeting adjourned. Officers were elected at the next meeting.

It was further decided that the Society should have a literary organ, and accordingly *The Mary Baldwin Miscellany* was established with a board of three editors.

In this term of '98-'99 many enjoyable and profitable evenings have been afforded the girls by the Literary Society. We are sure every member will recall with pleasure the Book Tournament in Fiction at the first of the year; the Book Social, where every member was dressed in a costume representing either the title or character of some noted book; also the interesting and heated debate on the following subject: "Resolved, that Higher Education tends to unfit a woman for domestic life;" and, finally the

enjoyable Easter programme with its novel feature the story of two Easter eggs, written by four of the members in collaboration.

The Society's prospects for the future are very bright. Through the kind interest and patronage of the Board of Trustees a hall has been promised for the future use of the Society. Its financial affairs are in a very flourishing condition, and it is the aim of the organization in time to furnish the promised hall with appropriate pictures, furniture and books.

If the growth of the Society is as marked in the next few years as it has been in this initial year of its existence, it will indeed be a credit, both to its founders and to its future patrons and members.

The pictures of the officers of the Mary Baldwin Literary Society for the term of '98-'99 appear on the opposite page. The first set, those who held office from December the 3rd to March the 11th, are as follows: President, Miss Kate Jones; First Vice-President, Miss Mattie White; Second Vice-President, Miss Winifred Adderton; Recording Secretary, Miss Isabella Scott; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Lucy Boyd; Treasurer, Miss Olivia Barrow.

Those for the remaining term, from March the 11th to the end of the session, are respectively: President, Miss Hattie Strayer; First Vice-President, Miss Lillian Carr, Second Vice-President, Miss Mary Beil Clack; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Nina Ravenscroft; Recording Secretary, Miss Eugenia Bumgardner; Treasurer, Miss Ethel Hatcher.

EDITH EMILY HOLT.

Y. W. C. A.

THIS society was organized five years ago in the M. B. S. with Miss Preston as its president. She was succeeded for two sessions by Miss DuBose, on whose resignation Miss Crocheron was chosen to fill the place. During the present year Miss Turnbull has been the presiding officer.

The growth of this society both in numbers and in interest has been most encouraging. Starting with but a few members, its roll has lengthened till it now includes over half of the girls in the Seminary.

A prayer meeting is held every Friday night in which many of the girls take important parts. Once a month an evening is set apart for a missionary programme, which includes essays and talks upon the various mission fields, their inhabitants, customs, religions and needs. To enable us to study more intelligently these lands, we have recently purchased a very fine mission map of the world. We have also a very interesting missionary study class held every two weeks and conducted by one of the teachers. In these ways we are brought into touch with the wonderful work which is being carried on all over the world.

The Y. W. C. A. has been rightly called "The Christian Sorority." In our Seminary, it seems to bring the students not only into a closer relationship with each other, but also with things spiritual and we hope that the time will soon come when to no student of the M. B. S. will the saying apply that—"A woman without religion is like a flower without fragrance."

ELIZABETH HARSEN TURNBULL.

has received high commendation. "The Seminary may be justly proud of this gifted daughter "

Annie Thorn (Mrs. Lotta Johnston) was from Austinville, Va. She married Mr. L. C. Johnston, of Charlotte, and since his death has continued to live in Charlotte with her two children. Her two sisters, Mary R. Thorn (Mrs. Dr. A. G. Crockett) and Emma Thorn (Mrs. John H. Crockett), "both attended the Seminary and, in the prime of young womanhood, were both called up higher "

"Laura Wadsworth has continued her studies in painting and has won high praise for herself. Alice Holland is teaching school. Ella Uriston has been spending most of her time in the North for the past two years. She is to be married and will live in New York City. Lou Robertson was married in '97 to Mr. Eugene Graham, of Charlotte. Mattie Harris is at present teaching in Winisboro, S. C. Of the entire number of those from Charlotte who have attended the Seminary, only two have passed away -- Anna Barringer and my dear sister, Pattie Alexander "

Miss Alexander further tells us that in '95 she and Louise Forsythe visited Florence Roney in Augusta, Ga., where one of the most charming entertainments they attended was a luncheon given the Seminary girls by Minnie and Maisie Chaffee. "Besides the hostesses, there were present, Roselle Mercier, Mamie Gilliam, Ella and Ollie Evans, Effie Jack, Florence Roney, Louise Forsythe and myself. It is needless to say that the conversation was chiefly Seminary talk." Miss Alexander, also in '95, met a number of the old girls while visiting in Kentucky. In '97,

while a "maid-of-honor" from her State to the Confederate Reunion in Nashville, she met Charlye Wheatley, who was there in the same capacity, and also had a glimpse of Lena Ricketts.

MRS. KEIGHTLY TIMBERLAKE WILSON, Charles-Town, Jefferson County, West Virginia.

Mrs. Wilson sends us the warmest possible letter, full of good wishes and reminiscences. The only girl now in school whom she knows is Mary McIlwaine, but she is in touch with many of the old girls. She speaks of visiting her sister, Mrs. Kemp in Mississippi, who will be remembered by the old girls as Mrs. Mashin. Mrs. Wilson also stopped over in Selma, Ala., and had a chat with Carmie Robbins. Sophie Bibb was not at home at that time. She was present at the Alumnae meeting at Nashville, but met only one girl of her old mates--Loula McCampbell. Mrs. Wilson mentions with pleasure her visit to the Seminary at Commencement time last year. While in Baltimore last summer, she met Mrs. G. T. McClintic. Our correspondent was married last September, and since that time has been "playing country-lady and housekeeper to the best of her ability."

MRS. IDA JORDAN BROWN, 20 S. Marengo Ave., Pasadena, Cal.

Mrs. Brown writes us of her pleasant home in the land of flowers, whither she went in search of health. Her husband, Judge B. C. Brown, died twelve years ago, and since that time she has devoted herself to the education of her boys.

Linda McClure Case lives in Jacksonville, Ill.

MRS. MAY STERRETT IRVINE, Charlottesville, Va.

Mrs. Irvine, after teaching three sessions, married and moved to Charlottesville, where she took the class of O. N. E. She has one little child, a boy. Mrs. Irvine is interested in missionary work and is President of the Foreign Missionary Society at her home.

MRS. ALICE HILL HATCH, Fort Constitution, New Castle, N. H.

Mrs. Hatch attended the Seminary from '89 to '97. After leaving school, she married Lieutenant Hatch. They have one little boy. She tells us that Claudia Hill attended Miss Cable's School after leaving the Seminary. She spent last winter on her father's farm in Oklahoma.

MISS MARY D. CASON, Marion College, Marion, Va.

Miss Cason teaches Latin and Elocution in Marion College and is much interested in her work.

MISS HORTENSE COHEN, Orange St., Charleston, S. C.

Miss Cohen is very much interested in charitable work.

MISS JULIA M. ALEXANDER, of Charlotte, N. C., writes us a most delightful letter, full of news about the old girls. In the first place, she gives us a long list of names of Charlotte's old girls. They are as follows:

Addie Mason—Mrs. A. C. Barron,

Lou Young—Mrs. A. L. Smith,

Sallie Young,

Anna Barringer (died in '74),

Mildred Cabell Watkins,

Annie Thorn—Mrs. Lotta Johnston,

Minnie Gibson—Mrs. Pope,

Eloise Butt—Mrs. Cary Dowd,

Fannie Butt,

Laura Wadsworth,

Alice Holland,

Pattie Alexander (died in '93),

Violet Alexander,

Birdie Wilson,

Ella Urison,

Lou Robertson—Mrs. Eugene Graham,

Mattie Harris.

Miss Alexander adds many notes of interest about these friends and others.

Mrs. Barron is the wife of Dr. A. C. Barron, a prominent Baptist minister. They moved to Charlotte from Baltimore two years ago. Mrs. Barron attended the Seminary during the first year of its existence under Miss Baldwin. Though very young at the time, she remembers distinctly that "they were preparing for a May Queen celebration at the close of school and having delightful times rehearsing when the Union army came down the Valley, taking possession of Staunton and breaking up the school."

Mildred Cabell Watkins, since leaving the Seminary, has taught school steadily in various places in West Virginia, South Carolina and North Carolina. She is at present teaching Latin, Science and Bible at the Presbyterian College in Charlotte. Miss Watkins has written a text-book on American Literature, which

left the Seminary in which she has not thanked God that she was for three years a pupil of the M. B. S. She spent the next winter after leaving school with Marie Pereivell in Kentucky and the one following in Florida. The next she went to New York, meeting old Seminary girls everywhere. She was married in '86 to the pastor of the Second Baptist Church of Richmond, Va. There she found many old Billwa girls. In '96 Mrs. Landrum went to Atlanta, to the First Baptist Church. In this city, Mrs. Landrum found at least thirty women "who are proud to claim the M. B. S. as Alma Mater." Among these, Pattie McCabe Ottlev is accounted the most intellectual woman in Atlanta, Tallula Harman Cox the most brilliant, Annie Murphy Tannio the handsomest, Jennie Murtchison Ellis the best gowned, etc. Mrs. Landrum herself is very busy with the duties of a pastor's wife and the care of children.

Sadie Brown ('98) is in Louisville, Ky., studying music.

Dorsey Duncan ('98) is at home in Bloomfield, Ky.

Anne McClord is attending Caldwell College at Danville, Ky.

Irene Stevens ('97) is in Los Angeles, California.

Mary Hack ('97) is the guest of Miss Gertsell ('97) at Chattanooga, Tenn.

Miriam Reynolds is a debutante in Roue, Ga. Her sister, May, is being tutored for Vassar.

Miss Helen Schwarz's success in society at Vicksburg, Miss.,

is due, not only to charm of person and manner, but to her great gifts as a vocalist.

Alice Hudson ('94) is at her home in Lancaster, Ky.

Ada Farra is now Mrs. Cabell Denny, of Lancaster, Ky.

Anna Royce is at Thane Miller's School in Cincinnati, O.

MRS. ETHEL STONE JOHNSON, Cincinnati, O.

Mrs. Johnson is receiving congratulations on the arrival of a little daughter to be named Frances.

Roberta McDonald, after leaving the Seminary this winter, time at Anniston, Ala., with her sister, but is now spent some at her home, Alexander City, Ala.

Pearl Canon has spent the year at her home in Senatobia, Miss., except for a short time when driven out by small-pox.

Rebecca Williamson has spent the year at her home in Columbia, Tenn.

Di McFadden has been at her home in Beaumont, Texas, part of the winter, but after the holidays spent about six weeks in Victoria, Texas.

May Dalnev has been in Washington all winter. There is a rumor of her engagement.

MRS. FANNIE EVERETT JONES, 180 Capitol Ave., Atlanta, Ga.

Mrs. Jones has one little girl.

She taught seven years after leaving the Seminary, then married and is now absorbed in the care of eight children.

MRS. JENNIE DANIEL CATLETT, Lexington, Va.

This friend was sick when she wrote us, but has promised to write again and more fully when able.

MRS. M. B. SPRATT, Livingston, Ala.

Mrs. Spratt entered the Seminary in '71 and graduated in '75, being Alabama's first full graduate. She taught three years after leaving the Seminary, then married Mr. Spratt and is now busy teaching "three big boys how to live true and noble lives." Mrs. Spratt says the only time she regrets that they are not girls is when she remembers they are not eligible to the M. B. S. There is one other old Seminary girl in Livingston Mrs. Spratt says,—Gage Wilson, now Mrs. McMahon.

MRS. MARIA ABERT CARY, Highland Park, Richmond, Va.

Mrs. Cary travelled in Europe the summer after leaving the Seminary, 1880. She then returned to Mississippi, but afterwards went to Richmond to reside. In '85 she married and is now living near Richmond, busy with the care of five children.

MRS. LUCY BAILEY HENEBERGER, Harrisonburg, Va.

Mrs. Heneberger was born at the Seminary while her father, its founder, was here. Its first faculty was composed of him, her mother and two sisters. His picture now hangs in the parlor. Mrs. Heneberger spent a year here as a student and her daughter, now Mrs. G. G. Herring, was for several years Miss Baldwin's pupil. Mrs. Heneberger was married in '6 to a banker of Har-

risburg, and her daughter is the wife of a lawyer in the same place.

MRS. S. C. BYRD, Columbia, S. C.

Mrs. Byrd is the wife of the Professor of English Bible at the Theological School of Columbia. Her time is divided between an eighteen-month old boy and literary work. She is now writing a historical novel based on the Book of Job.

MRS. VEVIE FORSYTHE SYME, 602 Cameton St., Alexandria, Va.

Mrs. Syme travelled in the South and West after leaving the Seminary. She met her husband at a house party at Senator Faulkner's, near Martinsburg, W. Va., and was married in '96. Mr. Syme is a lawyer in Washington, D. C., but the family residence is in Alexandria. One baby boy is the joy of this home.

MISS BESSIE ROBERT INGRAHAM, Washington, Ga.

Miss Ingraham writes us of three other students in Washington—Bettie Du Bose Simms and Sallie Du Bose Arnold, (both of whom are happy mothers of a large family), and Sallie Cooper Sanders, who is a highly cultured and travelled woman. Miss Ingraham's life is happily spent in the school-room.

MRS. ELLA MOORE, 1603 First St., Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Moore writes us an enthusiastic letter in regard to both Seminary and Annual.

MRS. SALLIE PAYLOR LANDRUM, 150 Spring St., Atlanta, Ga.

Mrs. Landrum says that there has never been a day since she

has had a visit from May Coleman, one of her schoolmates.

MRS. M. ALDRICH MOORE, Tyler, Texas.

Mrs. Moore's girlhood home was in Crockett, but soon after leaving the Seminary she married Mr. A. P. Moore and has lived in Tyler ever since. She has two little children, but finds time to take an active part in two clubs—one of music and the other of literature. Her letter was accompanied by the year-books of these clubs, and they are both very interesting.

MRS. IDA SMITH AUSTIN, 1502 Market St., Galveston, Texas.

After leaving the Seminary, Mrs. Austin taught several years in the public schools of Galveston, first as Assistant Principal, then as Principal. She married about fourteen years ago and has been an invalid for the last seven years. Mrs. Austin kindly sends us the following list of Galveston women who have been at the Seminary: Frankie Griffin—Mrs. John Hanna,—Market, between Fourteenth and Fifteenth streets; Lillie Harris—Mrs. Walter Fisher,—Forty-first and Two and a Half streets; Mrs. Annie Walker, Thirty-ninth and R streets; Miss Minnie McCullough, Winnie and Eighteenth streets; Miss Missette Newson, H and Eighteenth streets; Miss Rebecca Harris, Forty-first and Two and a Half streets; Jennie McElrue—Mrs. John Bartholomew,—Thirty first and O streets; Clara Wilson—Mrs. J. C. Walker,—L, between Twenty-second and Twenty third streets; Cora Harris—Mrs. Wharton Davenport,—Fortieth and R streets.

MISS JESSIE COHEN, Woodmere, I. I.

Miss Cohen sends subscription to the Annual and greetings to the Seminary.

MRS. JOSEPHINE M. POAGUE, Lexington, Va.

Mrs. Pogue has no news to write, but takes time to send subscription and greetings in spite of unusual care and anxiety due to the illness of four members of her family with grippe.

MISS EVELYN DAVIS, Lexington, Va.

Miss Davis writes us of severe eye trouble. She says that Nannie Waller is having a very gay time in Chicago, that Keightley Timberlake was married last September to Mr. Graham Wilson and lives near her old home, Charleston, W. Va. Mary Cason is teaching in a Seminary at Marion. Ethel Holmes is in Toronto, Canada.

MRS. MARY FENTRESS ANDREWS, 120 Lincoln Park Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Andrews has been confined to her bed with a broken ankle. After leaving the Seminary in '79, she spent two years at Miss Porter's School in Farmington, Conn. The summer of '81 she passed abroad. In '87 she was married and went to live first in Pittsburg and then in St. Louis. Her home is now in Chicago, her husband being lawyer for the Illinois Central. There are no children in the family, and Mrs. Andrews devotes herself to religious study and work. She tells us that Jessie Bones, now Mrs. Browne, of Bryn Mawr Ave., Edgewater, Ill., has a charming daughter of sixteen.

MRS. L. M. WILLS WEST, Huon, Louisa Co., Va.

Mrs. West came to the Seminary as a child of eight years and remained until she was eighteen, rooming with her aunt, Miss Agnes McClung, who was Associate Principal with Miss Baldwin.

little girl to the M. B. S. Among her correspondents are Frances Douglas, who married Mr. V. E. De Pass, of Union, S. C.; Isabel Foster, Eloise Beaty and Edith Wallace, now Mrs. Dixon, of Union, S. C. Irvie Easley married Mr. H. L. Edmund in '97 and lives in Newport News, Va. Laura Dale teaches music in Montevallo, Ala.

MISS MILDRED C. WATKINS, Charlotte, N. C.

Miss Watkins writes us that she is teaching in the Presbyterian College of Charlotte.

MISS SARAH BEECHER HOTCHKISS, 103 Franklin St., Richmond, Va.

Miss Hotchkiss was at the Seminary in '65 and '66. After leaving, her home was in Howardsville, Albemarle County, Va. In 1871 she moved to Lexington and for two years taught in a private family. Since her father's death her home has been with her sister, Mrs. J. T. Ellyson of Richmond. Miss Hotchkiss is much interested in music and is actively engaged in choir work.

MISS MARY B. HOGSHEAD, Oak Hall, Va.

Miss Hogshead tells us that Julia Annsbaugh is Assistant Principal of Peace Institute, North Carolina. She also says that Bessie Hancock, of Danville, Va., was married in November to Mr. G. H. Guerrant. Lillian Hancock married Mr. Charles Reid and lives in Richmond. Nellie Zimmerman is now Mrs. Harley Harper, of Indianapolis, Ind. Anne Lilley is Mrs. N. C. Willard, of Columbus, O.; Turg McKeney—Mrs. Edward Dawson, of Augusta County Va.; Elizabeth McMillan—Mrs. M. B. Rodgers, of Paris, Ky.; Annie M. Schoolfield—Mrs. Dr. James,

of Danville, Va.

MRS. E. M. SMITH (NEE FLORINE BIRCH), Thomasville, Ga.

Mrs. Smith writes that the influence of the M. B. S. did more for her spiritual welfare than anything else save that of her mother.

MRS. ESTHER E. BAIRD CHENOWETH, Beverly, W. Va.

Mrs. Chenoweth taught in Mobile, also in Maryland and in Mississippi, assisted by her sister Lida, another old Seminary girl. She then spent one year in Staunton with her sister, Mrs. Frank Berkeley. Miss Baldwin sent the Rev. W. S. P. Bryan to her with propositions to take charge of a girls' school in Beverly, W. Va., a home mission field of the Church. Her work there continued for six years, after which time she went to Hagerstown, Md., and married. About this time she lost her husband, her sister and several other members of her family. She is now teaching again to provide for her children, and her sister Lida lives with her. Her sister, Anna, now Mrs. Alfred Layham, taught vocal music in Valley Seminary, whose principal is Mrs. Bettie G. Winston. She is now with her husband at Bedford City, Va.

MRS. NEWTON GREEN, Clear Water, Fla.

Mrs. Green subscribes to the Annual and sends good wishes.

MRS. P. CHESTER BOSTICK, 4007 Delmar Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. Bostick mentions another old Seminary girl living in St. Louis—Mrs. Mary Lupton Cameron, wife of the pastor of a Presbyterian Church. Mrs. Bostick left the Seminary in '76, and

etteville, Ark.

MISS JULIA ARCHER FARRIOR, Mocksville, N. C.

Miss Farrior is busily engaged in teaching music at her home.

MRS. F. M. HICKS, JR., 807 Main Ave., San Antonio, Texas

Mrs. Hicks graduated in the literary course of the Seminary, also in music, in 1884. She passed her young ladyhood in Crockett, Texas, marrying Dr. Hicks in '87. Two years of her married life were spent in Tyler, where she was a member of a literary club and president of a musical club. Her husband's health failing, they went to California, afterwards returning to settle at San Antonio, their present home, where Mrs. Hicks is now busy with the care of five children.

MRS. JEANNIE GRAY MILLER, Danville, Va.

Mrs. Miller was married in '82 and is now occupied with home duties. She has four children.

MRS. RIDIE B. WATKINS, Owensboro, Ky.

Mrs. Watkins gives us a long list of old Seminary students now living in Owensboro—Mrs. Sue L. Robinson, Mrs. Martine M. Frayser, Mrs. Louise B. Heid, Mrs. Virginia W. Tyler, Miss Sue Taylor, Miss Sue Kirk, Miss Maria Ford, Miss Jean Fuque, Miss Clara L. Lumpkin, and Miss Clara Mathews. Mrs. Jessie O. Erwin, an old Owensboro girl, now lives in Kansas City. Mrs. Nina Jackson Castler, another, is in Louisville. Willie Hughes, of Morganfield, Ky., married Mr. J. T. Dyer, of the same place. Mrs. Emma B. Heirt, a Louisville girl, lives in New

York. Nannie B. Scott, of Maysville, Ky., spends her time travelling in Europe and America.

MISS ISABELLA C. PATRICK, Waynesboro, Va.

Miss Patrick, after graduating, taught for ten years, and has been living since in Waynesboro. She sends us the following news in regard to old Seminary girls: Mary Patrick died in '89. Lizzie Caskie married Dr. Burford, of Richmond, and is now a widow. Jennie Daniel married Mr. Robert Catlett and lives in Lexington, Va. Cary White, of Moorefield, W. Va., married and died in '88.

MRS. LAURA ZOOK, Miles City, Mont.

Mrs. Zook left the Seminary in '89, married the same year and then lived on a cattle ranch for five years, sixty miles from a railroad and a hundred miles from a town or "from anywhere." In the panic of '93, Mr. Zook, a bondsman in the County Treasurer's Bank, lost everything and failed in health. The family removed to Miles City, where Mr. Zook died. Mrs. Zook, now County Superintendent of Schools, is caring for two children by her own efforts. She corresponds with Georgia Stubbs Barringer, of Louisiana, Czarina Colbert Caulan, of Indian Territory, and Mamie Ralston, of Virginia.

MRS. MATTIE FRAZIER BALDWIN, Elizabethtown, Ky.

Mrs. Baldwin writes us, subscribing to the Annual and sending good wishes.

MRS. JOSEPH WHITEHEAD (RUTH TREADWAY)

Mrs. Whitehead left the Seminary and in '95 married a lawyer. She has two children and is already planning to send the

MRS. ELLEN B. ARMSTRONG, Gayoso Hotel, Memphis, Tenn.:

Mrs. Armstrong was married not long after leaving the Seminary. She has a little girl, and in connection with her says: "I can better than ever before appreciate the beautiful character of Miss Baldwin. Would not all mothers of girls like for their daughters to emulate the pure Christian life of that grand woman?"

MRS. ADA C. ROUNTREE, Quitman, Ga.

Mrs. Rountree was married in '85 and has five children. She tells us of three other Seminary girls in Quitman—Mrs. Frank Sparr (née Lizzie Stapler), Mrs. Russell Davis (née Connie McCall) and Miss India Turner. She also speaks of having met Lydia Dunlap, of Petersburg, in the Catskill Mountains. Ella Cameron, of Petersburg, is living in Philadelphia since her marriage. Mrs. Rountree saw Mrs. Stevenson (née Mary Grattan) in Atlanta last May.

MISS MARY CURRY DUKE BRECKENRIDGE, Lexington, Ky.

Miss Breckenridge has taken the Kindergarten Training and has been teaching for two years in the public kindergarten of Lexington. She expresses great interest in the Seminary and its Annual.

MISS BETTIE WAIT, Parkersburg, W. Va.

Miss Wait writes that she still hears from May Hamer, of South Carolina, but otherwise has lost all connection with former schoolmates.

MRS. EVA B. IRVINE, Greenville, S. C.

Mrs. Irvine writes us of a life full of interest. At the

time of her letter she was preparing a paper on "Current Literature" for the Thursday Club at her home. She mentions several other old students, among them Carrie Westmoreland and Mrs. Kate Baker Simpson, of Greenville, and also speaks of her sister, Mrs. Pratt, who lives near Agnes Scott, where Miss Libby Abby teaches.

MRS. PATTIE McLEARY BURFORD, Independence, Texas.

Mrs. Burford writes us a long letter, full of loving reminiscences of the school. After leaving the Seminary, she led the life of a society girl for some time, then taught until her marriage to a physician of Texas. She has been an invalid for a number of years. Her letter gives us news of some of her old schoolmates: Adelaide Boulivare and Bess Dedman, of Missouri, ('80 and '81), are both happily married—the former to J. R. Moorehead, of Lexington, Mo., and the latter to Mr. S. Samuels, of Kansas City, Mo. Virginia L. Meriboeffer, of '80-'82, is now a rising physician in Philadelphia as Dr. V. M. Davis.

MRS. FLORENCE CHILDRESS FLOORE, Cleburne, Texas.

Mrs. Floore has lived all her married life in Cleburne. She studied at Chautauqua four years and has been an active club worker. Her class was that of '81. At present she is very busy educating two boys. Her letter contains interesting news of other old students. Beulah Childress is now Mrs. J. B. Harris, of Terrell, Texas. Annie Childress is Mrs. R. L. Browning, also of Terrell, Texas, and Munde Childress is Mrs. V. Goodman, of Tyler, Texas. During the past four years, Mrs. Floore has had visits from Mrs. A. P. Moore (née Mattie McCall), of Weatherford, Texas, and Mrs. A. E. Meeker (née Lillian Brown), of Fay-

DuBose.

MRS. M. O. DICKINSON, Nashville, Tenn.

Mrs. Dickinson was married young to a successful lawyer and lives the life of a devoted wife and mother. Her letter is full of affectionate remembrance of Miss Baldwin and her old teachers.

MISS LIBBIE A. ABBEY, Agnes Scott Institute, Decatur, Ga.

Miss Abbey's letter expresses much interest in the Annual, but has not much news for it. Mrs. Irvine in her interesting letter tells us that Miss Abbey is one of the most beloved teachers at Agnes Scott.

MISS HESTER B. MELVIN, Duffield, W. Va.

Miss Melvin was here in '91 and '92. Her letter tells us of many delightful winters spent in eastern cities or travels in other directions. Last winter she visited S. Aitce of Chattanooga, Tenn., an old Seminary student and met some other former students from Knoxville. She then went to Tampa, Fla. to see our Lucile Andrews, now Mrs. Green, from there to Tampa, Key West, etc., and finally home by way of St. Augustine, Jacksonville and Savannah. "Just a glorious winter."

MRS. NABEL DWIGHT BRADHURST, 6008 Union Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Bradhurst after leaving school returned to Peoria, then moved to Covington, Ky., where she married three years ago, going across the river to live in Cincinnati. For five months now she has been living in Chicago, where she has lost her only child. She tells us of several old Seminary girls in Covington, Ky. Miss Nora Gex, Miss Mayme Weller, (Madison Avenue) and

Miss Bessie Kirtly, (Greenup Street.)

MRS. LILLA RIPLEY BARNWELL, Hendersonville, N. C.

Mrs. Barnwell is a widow and devotes her time to the duties of a Government position, visiting prisons and poor-houses in the interest of female prisoners and inmates, meeting with much success. She was the first delegate from North Carolina to the convention in Detroit to consider the welfare of little children, and was also a delegate to the last Woman's Suffrage Convention. Mrs. Barnwell has published a volume of poems—"Heart Songs" which is favorably received. We are proud to have a poem of hers on the "Old Girls" at the beginning of our "Notes" and are also indebted to her for a beautiful contribution to the "Miscellany."

MISS MARY WINSTON, Chicago, Ill.

Miss Winston visited us Jan. the 26th of this year, for the first time since leaving the Seminary. Since her school days here, she has studied at Mrs. Cabell's in Washington and has spent much time in travel. When here she was contemplating a trip to New Orleans for the Mardi Gras and after that a yachting trip. Miss Helen Winston was married last summer and at the date of her sister's visit was enjoying her honeymoon in Honolulu as Mrs. Terrell. Miss Winston also brought us news of some of the other old girls. Naanine Waller of Chicago came out last winter and is now a great belle and one of the most popular girls in Chicago. Mary Haw spent part of the winter in St. Paul with her sister. She also visited Edna Glover and then Mattie Winston. Margaret Dills is studying elocution in New York.

MRS. SALLIE HARMAN WOODWARD, Roanoke, Va.

Mrs. Woodward received her diploma from the Seminary in '74, then, after "two years of very happy young ladyhood married and became a busy wife and mother." Her letter tells us a very pretty story of the unexpected meeting of herself and another old Seminary girl last November. Mrs. Woodward was nursing a sick son at Middlesboro, Ky., where she was a total stranger. One morning while feeling very lonely, she received the "Record." Soon after, the Doctor called, and, picking up the paper, announced, much to her surprise, that his wife was an old Seminary student. A meeting was speedily arranged, and from that time on Mrs. Woodward's stay in Kentucky was a most pleasant one. "So," she says, "there certainly is a tie that binds all the M. B. S. girls, no matter how far apart their homes may be." The Doctor's wife was Mrs. Robertson (St. Lawrence Flemming, of South Carolina).

MRS. LILLIE LOGAN KEAN, Richmond, Va.

Mrs. Kean is a former student of whom the Seminary is justly proud. We quote a Richmond newspaper notice which tells somewhat of her success as a vocalist: "Mrs. Lillie Logan Kean, whose exquisite voice has always been a never failing source of pleasure to lovers of music in this city, will in a few days complete a thorough course of training under the most brilliant teacher in New York City. Her success in New York has been signal and conspicuous."

MRS. KATIE BIBB DUBOSE, U. S. Naval Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. DuBose spent last winter in Washington while Dr.

DuBose was cruising, but is now located at the Hospital. She was at the Seminary in '72 and '73 and looks back upon her life here with great pleasure.

MRS. ELLA H. REMSEN, Augusta, Ga.

Mrs. Remsen left the Seminary in '71 and has led an uneventful life. The first two or three years of her married life were spent in Elizabeth, N. J., but since that time she has lived in Augusta. She writes us of four children, only two of whom are now living one, a son, who was a volunteer in the late war and a daughter, who is studying art in New York.

MRS. ELIZABETH HANGER CHALENAR, 727 Hill Avenue, Williamsburg, Pa.

Mrs. Chalenar writes us that she sees very little of the old girls. Her life is bound up in her home and little two year old daughter.

MRS. MABEL HAINES FRANCIS, Memphis, Tenn.

Mrs. Francis found time to write us in spite of a recent siege of scarlet fever in the family, three children as well as her husband having been attacked by the disease. After leaving the Seminary, she spent some time in the study of art and in travelling. In '90 occurred her marriage to Dr. E. E. Francis, Professor in the Medical College of Memphis. She is very busy in the duties of her home life, but hopes to take up art work again when the children are a little older.

MRS. ANNE E. SAMPSON, Pantops Academy.

Mrs. Sampson writes of her keen interest in the Seminary and its Annual. She speaks most affectionately of Mrs. Katie B.

Notes on the Old Girls.

MRS. F. W. HAZELHURST, Houston, Fla.

Mrs. Hazelhurst writes us of the recent loss of her little son, while with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Robert Hull, in Savannah, Ga. Mrs. Hull was also an M. B. S. girl—Minnie McLeod. Mrs. Hazelhurst and her oldest brother's wife, Florence Dexter, had the honor of being the first Florida girls to enter the Seminary. Mrs. Hazelhurst's first marriage was to Mr. J. A. Moore, of Athens, Ga., where she found another old Baldwin girl in the person of Kate Wilcox from Columbus, Ga. Both were left widows very early and are now remarried.

MRS. EDMONTA B. HUMES, 39 Madison St., Memphis, Tenn.

Mrs. Humes studied art in Baltimore for two years after leaving the Seminary. She then married and is now too busily occupied with a family of four children to make her life eventful by club work or public life in any form. Three other old girls are mentioned in her letter as residents of the same town—Kate Kerr (Mrs. Sam Carnes), Ellen Kennedy (Mrs. J. W. Clapp) and Flossie Gogor (Mrs. Frank Taylor).

MRS. NORMA CRAWFORD NICKELL, Altamont Sanitarium, Millboro, Va.

Mrs. Nickell was married soon after leaving the Seminary and since that time has shared the varied experiences of Dr. Nickell in caring for his charges at the Sanitarium. She writes that her three young daughters give her "a growing interest in

the Seminary."

MISS FLORENCE B. BLAIR, Wytheville, Va.

Miss Blair writes us a most enthusiastic letter concerning the Annual. She has been out of school for four years, during which time her life at Wytheville, a pretty summer resort, has been uneventful. She tells us that Sue Hamilton, now Mrs. L. Scherer, lives but thirty miles distant, at Marion Va., and mentions the marriage of Irene Lester, (94 '95) of Little Rock, Ark.

MISS ROSELE MERCIER.

Miss Mercier is studying English Analysis and Literature in New York with Miss Wright and thinks it the mistake of her life that she did not take those branches here.

MISS HELEN AUGUSTA HOWARD, Columbus, Ga.

Miss Howard is one of the most progressive daughters whom the M. B. S. has sent out to work in the world. Newspaper clippings enclosed in her letter give some idea of the success with which her versatile talents have met. We quote from a Chicago paper: "Miss Howard 'is an earnest advocate of woman's rights and a fine writer on the same.' She is also a fine poetess." Miss Howard is now holding an office in the post-office of Columbus, Ga., having stood 88.40 in the civil service examination, this being considered a remarkably high average. Miss Howard tells us that Jane Holliday is conducting a prosperous school with her sister at Farmville, Mo.

To the "Old Girls" of the Mary Baldwin Seminary.

A greeting to the "old girls,"
As they come from far and near
To our honored Alma Mater
With its ties so sweet and dear
Please listen for a moment ;
Let us go to chapel hall
There with sacred happy memories
We'll review the old roll call.

We bow our heads in reverence,
While with tearful, grateful praise
We think of her who called us
In our joyous school girl days
Love and help she gave us ;
She but lived to do God's will,
And her girls to day are proving
That though dead she speaketh still.

There are "star girls" and "first honors"
On these pages here and there, -
They are still the stars and honors
In this busy world of care.
Here are those who aid the suffering,
And the captive have set free,
Others here who tell "glad tidings"
In dark lands across the sea.

Here are names of noble women,
Who in happy, useful lives
Have made our world the better
As good mothers and true wives.
There are those in art and science
Who the path of fame have trod,
Here are names we breathe softly—
They are safe at home with God.

Now tell me, are we entered
For that roll-call far above ?
Are we ready all to answer
To our Father's call of love ?
O, at the last great roll-call,
In God's bright heaven so fair,
May each one answer "Present,"
And the "old girls" all be there.

LILA RIPLEY BARNWELL,
(A former student at the M. B. S.)

Hendersonville, N. C., 1899.

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SESSION 1898-99.



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Elocution.

Miss KATE PICKETT JONES



Our Graduates,



Session 1898-'99.



EDITORS AND ILLUSTRATORS OF THE
-MARY BALDWIN SOUVENIR-

Editorial Greeting.

With the first issue of "The Mary Baldwin Souvenir," the Annual of our Seminary enters upon a new phase of development and, we trust, progress.

We, the editors, have tried faithfully to make the book what its title represents it to be—a souvenir of the past year of school life. Although the obstacles met with have been many, our efforts have been crowned with such a measure of success as enables us to put "The Souvenir" before our readers, not by any means as the embodiment of our ideal for such a publication, but as the nearest approximation to it possible under existing circumstances.

We are sure that those interested in the school and all branches of its work will glance through the pages of "The Souvenir" with kindly criticism and sympathetic appreciation of our efforts to give the school memories of '98-'99 a tangible form. Should we succeed in winning their approval, our satisfaction will be complete.

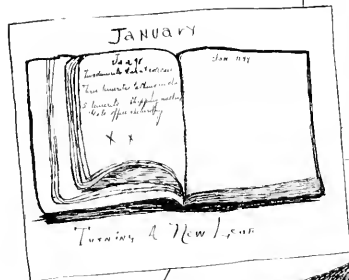
Our heartiest thanks are due to many kind friends whose assistance and encouragement in all ways have been of inestimable value to us. Among these are many of the old students who have responded with gréat enthusiasm to calls for subscriptions and appeals for information about themselves and former school-

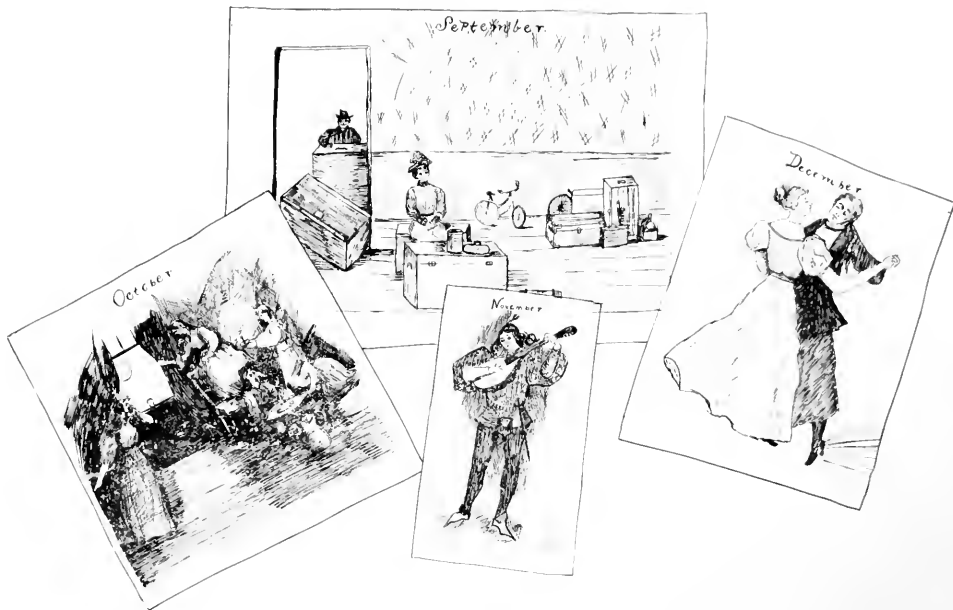
mates. The present students also have rallied with marked loyalty about the enterprise, and Miss Weimar, our Principal, has lent her assistance wherever possible.

Especial thanks are due to Mr. Armistead C. Gordon, of Staunton, whose beautiful poem enriches the book, to Mrs. Lila Ripley Barnwell, herself a former student, who contributed the poem beginning the Notes on the Old Girls and to Mrs. R. H. Willis, to whose kindness we are indebted for the exquisite illustrations of Mr. Gordon's poem. Miss Elizabeth Gibbs and Miss Elizabeth Bronsen have also rendered us invaluable assistance by their contribution of the pen and ink sketches of the book.

To these and all others who have aided us in any way we tender our sincerest thanks and hope that their faith in this school enterprise may meet with such justification in its success as to prove ample compensation for their hearty co-operation and good will.

THE EDITORS.





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School Song.

Tune : " Old Folks at Home."

Bright beacon on a rugged hillside,
Fair Guiding Star ;
Thy daughters, cherished Alma Mater,
Hail thee from near and far.
Fair fame hath wreathed thine ancient portal
With laurels green.
We bring the buds of sweet affection,
Twining the leaves between.

Sweet echoes wake the peaceful valley,
While mountains ring.
As voices from the years long faded,
Blend in the song we sing.
O'er Western wave from empires olden
In cadence come,
Brave souls who bear afar good tidings
Claiming thee, "home sweet home."

CHORUS.

White and yellow sing we ever,
All our hearts to rule,
Fond memories with thee ever linger.
Long live the dear old school.



And now, when fields are wintry white,
 And frozen lies Life's way,
 His glittering plumes have lost their light,
 His colors have grown gray.
 Yet, weary with his fluttering,
 He still continues on the wing.

Ah, me ! if I might once again,
 As on that yesterday,
 But listen for that liquid strain,
 But dream that he would stay !
 How sweet the dream ! oh, stay and sing,
 Not ever thus upon the wing !



Lost hope of youth ! The Bird of Time
 Returns not o'er his track.
 The flashing wings of morning's prime
 May never bear him back.
 Through the dusk day still fluttering
 His little way, he's on the wing.

ARMISTEAD C. GORDON.





The Bird of Time.

---"The Bird of Time has but a little way to flutter, and the Bird is on the wing."---Omar Khayyam.

With brilliant hues his wings were bright,
His plumage gold and gay;
They glittered in the morning light
Of youth's lost yesterday.
I dreamed he could but pause and sing;
Yet he was ever on the wing.

He saw the rose's opening bud
Burst into sudden flame;
He saw the autumn's red leaves flood
The path down which he came.
Nor flower, nor frost nor anything
Might hold him, ever on the wing.

He soared above the fronded trees
Where morning breezes blew;
He paused not for the morning breeze,
Or bud, or bloom, or dew.
Not all the promise of the spring
Could lure him, ever on the wing.

I watched him flashing down the day
And listened for his song.
The sunlight on his plumes was gay;
The golden hours were long,
Where Light o' Love went summering,
The Bird of Time was on the wing.



To
Miss Ella Clair Weimer,

Our Efficient and Devoted Principal,

This Book is Affectionately

Dedicated.



ALBERT SHULTZ,
Bookseller, Stationer and Publisher,
Staunton, Va.



The Mary Baldwin Souvenir.

Woman's Sphere.

They talk about a "woman's sphere"...
As though it had a limit!
There's not a place in earth or heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given.
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whisper "yes" or "no,"
There's not a life, a death, a birth.
There's not a feather's weight of worth,
Without a woman in it

---Kate Field.

1898-99.

The Portraits in this book are from Photographs by
Murray, Staunton, Va. * * *







